ANDY WARHOL: A RADICAL THEOLOGICAL STUDY

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ABSTRACT

In the context of the revolutionary moment of the Death of God as it occurred to American cultural consciousness in the Sixties, the study utilizes the philosophical structure and theological language of Thomas J. J. Altizer, the progenitor of Death of God theology, to discern the revolutionary intent and cultural Will To Power of Andy Warhol's art. Warhol as art, cultural and theological phenomenon is analysed within these historical continua, particularly where his self-mechanization and mechanization of art forms signal the advent of a post-Faustian selfhood in the aftermath of the Death of God. Chapter One deals with the inability of Warhol critics to come to grips with the Warholian surface (either in his art or his being) and with the implications of John Coplans' study of Serial Imagery (1968) in which Warhol is first viewed outside the Pop niche, and Rainer Crone's 1970 neo-Marxist political appraisal. Chapter Two traces the meaning and significance of the Death of God, in its formulation by Altizer, to Nietzsche's contest with Buddha and the Christian God as it is resolved in the Uebermensch. Chapter Three examines in detail the distinction between the hyper-Faustian aesthetic revaluation initiated by Marcel Duchamp and its post-aesthetic consummation in Warhol's art-businessman. Chapter Four investigates the counterrevolutionary nature of Pop

art, in which Pop is seen as a turning-away from the actual contents of contemporary experience. Chapter Five is a theoretical chronicle of Warhol's sophistication of depersonalizing machines, (from the monotype of the Fifties, to the silkscreen and stationary Bolex film camera of the Sixties), as a homage to the image of death in America---to the celebration of that image in car crashes, electric chairs and race riots as affirmation of the new form of love that the new humanity entails. Chapter Six extends the theme of death to the personal portraits. The strongest and most enduring feature of Warhol's art is seen as the concretization of the total change effected upon Western man by the Death of God. The filmstar, the artist and the business anonymity, are seen as equivalent instances and future faces of the machine humanity issuing from the dissolution of traditional Western selfhood. Warhol's self-portrait, which is a pure reflection of America's historical dissolution, concludes itself in the business world, where fashion is reality and no aesthetic or theological questions are asked.

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FOREWORD

The task of a theological study of an artist is not only to demonstrate those points where the traditionally disparate disciplines of art and theology illuminate each other, but also what that illumination intends or means, and in what context it can be valuable to a truly contemporary form of faith and the study of contemporary consciousness.

Assuming that the artist embodies in his art and in his being that which is most true in the cultural consciousness of his time, and that the theologian attempts to systematize philosophically and linguistically the faith-form of his culture, what brings the artist and the theologian into sharpest contact is radical change or revolution[1] within the cultural consciousness itself. In the revolutionary moment given forms of self-conception and other-conception are cast adrift or cast aside. In such a moment revolutionaries from different bands of the spectrum of inquiry stand closer to each other, in their attempt to record the power and consequences of that moment, than to recalcitrant or orthodox colleagues.

As concurring witnesses to the cultural event, the theologian and the artist rely upon different backgrounds and languages. If that event proves more powerful than given forms of conception and description, the misunderstanding that exists between the speculative and visual arts can evaporate in the simultaneous negation of traditional art or theological language by the revolutionaries themselves---in their attempt

to record revolutionary truth in concrete experience both the theologian and the artist must in some way transform their respective disciplines.

The power and accessibility of these transformations is grounded in the power and accessibility of the cultural event. Though mentioned by Hegel as early as 1802 and given full poetic and axiological form by Nietzsche in 1882-88, it was not until the American Sixties that the Death of God became a cultural event. The theoretical dissolution of all transcendent or interior autonomies became the content of authentic cultural consciousness. The Death of God was the theological name for the collapse of a particularly Western sense and conception of self and other. What was dark or dancing prophecy in Nietzsche's work became historical fact in the Sixties, a fact that compelled the existential decision---How to continue?

To say that the American Sixties was the time of the Death of God is not to say that American culture knew it exclusively by that name but that it manifested or exhibited a retreat from the self and Faustian principles that Nietzsche foresaw. For Nietzsche, the Death of God was the occasion for the Uebermensch. As cultural fact, it proved to be more the occasion for a massive flight into collectivism and conformity. For all his psychological acumen regarding modern man, Nietzsche did not anticipate that the catastrophe of the Death of God, when it became known to cultural consciousness, would result in the revaluation of humanitas itself: the Death of God produced neither the Uebermensch nor the Herd, but a revolutionary new form

of humanity that superseded even the synthesis of prior forms.

Thus, though American response to the Death of God can be typed as Nietzschean or anti-Nietzschean, more interesting analysis centers on the revolutionary or eschatological moment of the birth of that new humanity. It is this component of the comprehensive and diffuse event of the Death of God that unites the artist of this study, Andy Warhol, with the radical theologian, Thomas J. J. Altizer. Andy Warhol, in his mechanization of self and mechanization of art forms is the sharpest image of what Altizer intends by the descent of the Contemporary Christ and Western selfhood into the hell of the eschatological moment. Warhol's total identification with the culture he mirrors in his art is a living sign of Altizer's New Jerusalem.

Warhol and Altizer became nationally and internationally recognized during the identical period, 1962-66---Warhol as the King of Pop and Altizer as the author of radical theology. Although in 1967 Altizer made a study of William Blake, The New Apocalypse: The Radical Christian Vision of William Blake, in which the artist's sensitivity to actualized contents of consciousness-in-revolution is given radical theological meaning, he has not similarly treated Warhol or any other modern artist. A word, therefore, is in order concerning the manner in which Altizer's complex and sweeping theological system is utilized in this study.

The core of Altizer's approach to the phenomenon of the Death of God is Nietzschean in character. The two works that broke the ground for the Death of God debate, Mircea Eliade and the Dialectic

of the Sacred and The Gospel of Christian Atheism, operate from Nietzsche's radical subjectivism. The existential fact that God died in our history and in our consciousness called for a new theology to record a new faith-form. In systemizing that new theology, however, Altizer found Hegelian dialectic and the methodology of comparative religions more appropriate for his audience than Nietzschean aphorisms or maxims. Thus, though Altizer maintained the values of actualized history and contemporary consciousness, his language became progressively more metaphysical in tone. Today it is problematic whether the Death of God in the Sixties was for Altizer an American or a cosmo-metaphysical event. By emphasizing Altizer's existential concerns (esp. the face of the new humanity) over the metaphysical, the artist and his art can act as a critique of the theologian. Altizer is consulted where his theoretical insight into the conditions and consequences of the Death of God assists this reflexive understanding---where radical theological language illumines the revolutionary power of Andy Warhol's art.

CHAPTER I

WARHOL AND THE CRITICS

Warhol's transformation of art is directed towards the two pillars of traditional aesthetic consciousness---the master and the masterpiece. Throughout his career this dual negation, which often involves technical innovation and the conceptual extension of serial forms, consistently informs his personal and artistic decisions. By restricting the subject matter of his paintings to given, mass-produced images found in news photos or magazine snapshots, and by deliberately minimizing the presence or will of the artist in the artwork through the utilization of depersonalizing machines such as the silkscreen and stationary Bolex film camera, Warhol captured as unstylistically as possible the revolutionary moment of the American Sixties. His oft-quoted quote, "I want to be a machine,"[2] and its corollary, "Style isn't really important,"[3] are not poses before the journalistic camera, but the genuine, even naive affirmations of an artist who desires complete union with the consciousness of his culture.

Warhol's denial of the master's traditional distance from sources and subjects involves him personally in the actual content of the culture he affirms: "I love Los Angeles, I love Hollywood. They're beautiful. Everybody's plastic. I want to be plastic."[4] A plastic Hollywood or a machine America can be appreciated from a number of aesthetic perspectives, especially that of Pop Art. Warhol's

admiration for the machine city, however, is directed more to the plasticity and commonality of the people that to re-aesthesticized or merely novel plastic forms. What Warhol affirms is the machine consciousness manifest in the filmstars of Hollywood and the car crashes of Los Angeles.

Like Marcel Duchamp, Warhol is not only a revolutionary art phenomenon, but a cultural one as well. It is just Warhol's unity with the revolutionary moment of the Sixties, however, that led early Warhol critics accustomed to the expressly psychological genesis of Abstract Expressionism and put-off by the superficial, garish spirit of the time to consider Warhol a new realist or a commercial put-on. Warhol was a 'New Vulgarian'[5], the American 'go-with-it dandy'[6], the prince of boredom and the King of Pop. Warhol's preoccupation with death imagery and common articles confirms, in this view, his clever, salable decadence. To give a name or title to an artist, however, is not to understand either his intent or his meaning. In fact, it seems the safest, most self-congratulatory way to avoid such understanding. As the German critic Rainer Crone concedes, "The fog covering Andy Warhol's life and work becomes more impenetrable the more the experts say about him."[7]

Unlike many other modern artists, Warhol has done nothing to ease the critic out of this cloud of unknowing: "If you want to know all about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface of my paintings, and films, and me, and there I am."[8] Is there truly nothing beneath, beyond, before the impenetrable Warholian surface? A major element of Warhol's transformation of modern art involves a revaluation of these

quintessentially psychological or philosophical assumptions---the radical identity of the artist with the artwork derives from the dynamic identity of the artist and the culture he reflects. It is in the surface of American culture, rather than traditional aesthetic systems, that Warhol's surface is most clearly discerned.

The first critical attempt to consider Warhol outside the Pop niche was effected by John Coplans in Serial Imagery, the book accompanying the exhibition at the Pasadena Art museum, September 17-October 21, 1968.[9] In what is essentially a showcase for the colorful abstract work of Ellsworth Kelly, Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella, Coplans includes Warhol's Campbell's Soup Cans, 1961-62, Liz Taylor Series, 1964, and Marilyn Monroe Series, 1964. Warhol's status in this group, being the only figurative artist represented, is problematic, or, as Coplans himself concedes, 'idiosyncratic'. What links Warhol to the history of serial imagery in America, which Coplans succinctly traces back through Ad Reinhardt, Josef Albers, Alexei Jawlensky and Piet Mondrian to Claude Monet, is the common desire to eliminate the masterpiece.

Serial Imagery is a rigorous intellectual system which denies hierarchical status to any one piece. The repetition of identical motifs, as in Mondrian's Compositions, 1919-38, requires that each piece is of equal value in the continuum. The test for seriality is consistency: if individual pieces can be rearranged to produce some narrative form the series is not serial. Albers' series Homage to The Square, which he began in 1946, can be rearranged in an infinite number of ways, yet the meaning, the single concept which informs the

series as a whole, ramains unchanged: a square is a square is a square. The same can be said of Warhol's American faces: a soupcan is a soupcan, and a Marilyn is a Marilyn. Yet it would be inaccurate to state, in the serialist's view, that Reinhardt is a Stella is a Warhol. The painters Coplans presents as the serialists are fiercely individualistic, in full possession of the master-concept.

It is Morris Louis' physical control of paint-pouring that determines the parameters of his Unfurled, Horizontal Pillar and Vertical Pillar series. Noland's eccentric investigations of emblems, in the Target and Chevron series, and optics in the Horizontal Band series, assert the artist's presence. Small additions or perturbations of size from one painting to another continually suggest the artist's personality. Stella is a master of form, who experiments with canvas shape in the Vee and Eccentric-shaped Canvas series, consistently making the parameters of his series more complex. This intricate formulation becomes, in the eye of the critic Nicholas Calas, complete self-reference: what one sees in a Stella painting is Frank Stella anticipating what to paint.[10]

For the serialists, serial imagery is an appropriate style: one that reflects much of non-hierarchical, non-aristocratic reality, while retaining classical or romantic notions of the artist. The most provocative aspect of Coplans' history of the serial imagery style is that he firmly grounds its genesis in the revolutionary mathematical theory of the continuous independent variable, the Dedekind-Cantor theory of 1872 and 1895, later elaborated by Russell and Whitehead in Principia Mathematica in 1912-13, offers a mathematical description of a non-

hierarchical reality. But is it not strained to say that serial forms in art, including the impressive achievements of Arnold Schoenberg and Anton Webern in music, echo a single revolutionary moment in the history of mathematics? Would it not be clearer to conceive the mathematician and the artist to be contemporaneously sensitive to consciousness-in-revolution? That event in which Nietzsche saw the collapse of all external and internal hierarchies and termed the Death of God has been a century in coming to cultural consciousness. Serialism can be seen as the system developed by those thinkers and artists most sensitive to this event to describe its exterior form, as a common language of the Death of God.

When the Nineteenth Century event of the Death of God became the content of American cultural consciousness in the Sixties, a flowering of the serial form occurred in the visual arts. Internal hierarchies were struck for the first time---the death of the Western experience of God resulted a century later in the death of the Western experience of man. It is this death of Western selfhood and the birth of the serial or machine man that distinguishes Warhol from the serialists. His appropriation of a succession of machines, as well as the seemingly indiscriminate utilization of the conceptual and technical work of his associates, is a post-Faustian attempt by the artist to negate the artist. Warhol turns the serial description of external reality inward: a Warhol is a Morrissey is every man.

Due to the uncomfortable fact that Coplans wrote a later book on Warhol, Andy Warhol,[12] in which the artist is treated once again

as the Prince of Pop, one must conclude that Coplans sees Warhol's significance strictly within the art-history continuum. The break, however, was made, and in 1970 Rainer Crone made the first comprehensive study of Warhol outside traditional aesthetics.

In his Andy Warhol, Crone begins with the assumption that "Any attempt to describe and analyse Warhol's paintings must 'consider the conditions of reality reflected in them as more important than the works themselves.' It is just this intention on Warhol's part---to make his work a reflection of reality---that has been largely overlooked."[13]

For Crone, Warhol's art is the documentation of political consciousness, and he supports his claim with the most detailed and best documented study of Warhol to date, particularly in dealing with Warhol's early preoccupations with depersonalization as a commercial artist. The radical Brechtian stance of the German's 'new critical approach', however, has garnered silence from American art critics. In that Crone's express desire was to free Warhol criticism from formal aesthetic limits and to discredit American criticism of the most famous living American artist, this critical silence is both logical and indicative. Crone's challenge has been left unanswered by art critics largely because he carries his study of Warhol beyond linguistic and aesthetic conventions into political theory. When Crone assembles the best Warhol data to support his contention that Warhol is a political revolutionary in art he raises the relevant question---Does Warhol's art in fact have more than purely aesthetic meaning? Is the intent which coordinates the disparate pieces of

his art continuum political in nature? Or theological?

In the neo-Marxist vein of contemporary German intellectualism Crone concludes that Warhol's revolutionary meaning is derived from his condemnation of the political structure of American society. Thus, Crone sees the Electric Chair series, the Race Riot series, and the many disaster and suicide series as testimony to a political dying in America: "All these pictures have the same intention---to document typical manifestations of late-capitalistic society."[14] Warhol's self-mechanization as an artist is a Marxist event by which "Warhol dissolves the concept of individual genius and replaces it with that of collective consciousness."[15] The reality which Warhol reflects in his art is for Crone the historical necessity of collectivism. The revolutionary artist is the exemplary worker.

Crone's political assumptions are hyperbolized when he states in "The Human Aspect In Warhol's Work," that "With his Electric Chair Warhol shows the ultimate expression of internal state sovereignity in dealing with its enemies; with his Atom Bomb its ultimate expression in dealings with other nations."[16] From this, it is not surprising to see why American critics are uninspired to respond to Crone's approach to Warhol, for one must become immediately involved in theoretical concerns expressed in more sophisticated and suggestive language than that of art history. Crone is not selling himself or selling Warhol to the cultured public---his strong Marxist bias, which makes the study inaccessible on some fronts, was the first to ground the continuum of the American Sixties, the first to see more than aesthetic meaning in what had been considered the artist's clever manipulation of banal imagery for profit.

Crone errs in the perception of the function of Warhol's art. Rather than a critique of culture from the perspective of political ideology, Warhol affirms and reflects that culture in his art. The revolutionary moment is transferred to canvas without individualistic distortion or judgement. America in the Sixties underwent a self-negation that Warhol mirrored in the image of death. Warhol's affection for America is not for an America of the past or the America of European imagination, but the historically realized America. And though there may be little perceptual distinction between the collectivist worker and the self-annihilated artist, there is a chasm ontologically---the worker finds the meaning of his altered self-consciousness in the future, and the artist in the transformed Now. Warhol's stark reflection of American death imagery reproduces the complete death of traditional Western consciousness in the Sixties, the epiphany Thomas J. J. Altizer termed 'eternal death.'

It is Warhol's consistent use of death imagery, both literal and oblique, that removes him from purely political interpretation and into speculations best described as theological. The 'insecurity' Crone sees in American culture is the ultimate concern of a culture that has experienced the dissolution of all autonomous points of reference. Death of God theology, like Warhol's art, is a particularly American phenomenon constrained by its internal principles to record a new form of faith as it is manifest in contemporary experience.

The question of whether the American Sixties represented a case of late-capitalistic society or the time of the Death of God cannot be completely resolved from the exegesis of one artist's work. They

are quite possibly two faces, two names for the identical reversal of human consciousness. A more interesting question is precisely in what way Warhol's art is revolutionary or prophetic.[17] Crone's stylization of Warhol as a Marxist revolutionary is mistaken if Warhol's art is seen in the same continuum as that of socialist or communist states. At most, within the context of the American art scene so heavily influenced by finance and the fluctuations of the capitalistic economy, Warhol's production is subversive.[18] At the least it would appear as a naive imitation of collectivist techniques. The stark power of the chosen images of death in America that Warhol's paintings evoke, the shock of recognition that America sees in them, attest to the notion that Warhol's vision is a vision of consciousness-in-change---not class-in-change---of the catastrophe of consciousness as we have known it. What Warhol documents is a radically new form of faith symbolized in death that affirms that catastrophe in the historical present.

The prophetic character of Warhol's art is drawn from the nature of Warhol's documentation. Precisely because death symbolism and imagery is neither progressive nor utopian it signifies the dawn of a new consciousness in culture---a consciousness both present and imminent. Warhol's affection for, and reflection of, the elements of contemporary consciousness resist Crone's neo-Marxist analysis.

Warhol's enigmatic and evasive comments on his art and person, coupled with the bizarre environment of his studio (The Factory), has occasioned another post-aesthetic form of Warhol criticism, what could generously be described as psychological. There is little pretense,

from this posture, to understand the power of Warhol's paintings and films in themselves and a great deal of reading Warhol's attributed psyche. By making himself a personality in highly publicized New York social circles, Warhol fashioned a popular target for such criticism. There is more here, however, than the deflation of a famous personality. Psychoanalysis and the study of the unconscious played an important role in the appreciation and understanding of much of the art of Abstract Expressionism, particularly that of Jackson Pollock and Clyfford Still. The tone was often Jungian in nature, speaking of rituals rather than purely rational relations, which corresponded to the artists' expressed involvement with mythology and primitive art.[19] In that the unconscious was considered the source and inspiration of the art it could be appropriately utilized in the criticism of the artistic product.

One crucial consideration is whether or not psychological systems are in fondo adequate intellectual structures in dealing with fundamental or revolutionary changes in human consciousness. The almost Schopenhauerian pessimism exhibited by Freud in his later writings (e.g., Beyond the Pleasure Principle) has yet to be rectified by his disciples and Jung's appropriation of Far Eastern religious systems best serves the West as an imitation of their quietism.[20] In either case the analysis is regressive, looking back to infant sexuality or collective consciousness for the meaning of contemporary consciousness.

Can psychology speak to the apocalyptic affirmation the radical theologian knows as the Death of God? Can psychological crit-

icism refrain from transmuting a revolutionary artist into a counterrevolutionary? The following two examples suggest a resounding and expanding negative.

Stephen Koch's Stargazer is probably the best documentary of the events and personalities that transpired in The Factory during the period 1961-68. Koch reconstructs the daily routine by describing in great detail the company that surrounded Warhol. This largely ex-Catholic group of Billy Linich, Ondine, Gerard Malanga, Viva, Brigid Polk, Paul Morrissey, and others, is portrayed as the magnetic field about the star. For Koch the presence of Warhol as a star in his constellation of homosexual hustlers, ex-college professors and methadrine comics is characterized by its absence. His control over the scene at The Factory was accomplished by his inability to control anything, the star gaping or gazing (hence the title) blandly at his superstars.

Warhol, in this view, is the 'Tycoon of Passivity' who does all by doing nothing. The passivity that Koch sees in Warhol, however, has little affinity with refined Eastern quietism. It is the psychological condition of the decadent, the dandy. Baudelaire's remark that "The character of the dandy's beauty consists above all in the cold appearance which comes from the unshakable resolution not to be moved; one might say the latent fire which makes itself felt, and which might, but does not wish to, shine forth," could serve as both the beginning and end of the criticism offered in Stargazer if it were not for Koch's prediliction to sensationalize Warhol in psychological terms.

For Koch, Warhol is a necrophiliac, an artist obsessed with decay and death throughout all his works. Warhol's films (Stargazer is structurally film criticism) from Sleep to Lonesome Cowboys evidence an obsession with silence and stillness, an 'act of love to the body, filled with tenderness at the spectacle of a silenced vitalism.'[21] Warhol's self-negation as an artist and his mirroring of cultural negation is rendered as a pathological condition: "His impersonality entails a schizophrenia, an emotional dissociation articulated through a brilliant revivification of the vocabulary of decadence, in an enterprise that derives its power from an unconscious, compulsive image of death."[22] The silvered hair, the dark glasses, the facial pallor are evidence of Koch's image: the necrophiliac become one with his love, the pale painter become the pale rider.

To Koch's counter-culture sensibility, the Sixties were the time of Charlie Manson and the Family, of the Rolling Stones at Altamont. There was moral corruption and satanism in the air. Warhol's identification with death acts as a key to understand not only the films but Warhol's deepest motivation as well: fame. Warhol silvers his hair to exploit the decadence of the culture that loves death, he portrays death to become a star among voyeurs.

Warhol's visibility as an artist and a personality was fostered in great part by himself. Even in his successful years as a commercial artist in New York (1949-60) Warhol and his Polaroid could be found at most of the rated social parties in New York---silent but eminently present. What Warhol found there, be it 'how

men are used as products---how their characters and values are bought and sold as objects' of Rainer Crone's analysis, or merely commercial contacts, was a certain revelation regarding the condition of the culture and the reversal of its most reassured values. As Koch puts it, "From the beginning, Warhol craved fame with a thirsty, calculated desperation, as if it were the very metaphor of life itself. And, in a sense, his career is about being a celebrity. He has comprehended that all-American condition with something like genius and found in its corruption the dignity of a certain very modern spiritual condition that he has made his own."[23] We are familiar with this "very modern spiritual condition"---it is the Death of God, the reversed "all-American condition."

Shorn of its literary pretensions, Koch's account of Warhol strikes several of the targets presented in the work of Coplans and Crone, most notably Warhol's preoccupation with death imagery and its relation with the actual culture of the Sixties. It fails most markedly in its inability to provide conceptual meaning for Warhol's art in itself. By reducing the artist's choice of subject and media to a selected set of sexual compulsions, the critic translates the continuum of the artist's work into disconnected gestures of narcissism---removing, thereby, the artworks into the genre of anecdote. Necessity forces this reduction, strictly because there is no evidence, except in the most journalistic imagination, of the psycho-sexual aberrations Koch asserts in Warhol's art. The silk-screens are utterly cool, non-committal, reproductions of public events. And even in the films which deal with specifically sexual

themes, such as Couch or Lonesome Cowboys, sex is treated icily, as the concretization of value change. The homosexual cowboy is an image of reversed American cowboy consciousness in and of film, not the titilation of abnormal taste for profit.

The variety of psychological assumptions Koch makes in his study produces distinctly polar portraits of Warhol: Warhol the dandy who declines to be moved, and Warhol the pale master who moves all to achieve fame. The inadequacy of such assumptions to portray or explain the power of Warhol's art is reiterated by Calvin Tomkins in his essay, "Raggedy Andy" included in Coplans' Andy Warhol.

Tomkins quotes Warhol, "I'd prefer to remain a mystery. I never give my background, and anyway, I make it all up different every time I'm asked,"[24] and proceeds to deduce that background from anecdotes collected from Warhol's associates during the Fifties on the assumption that Warhol was "so naive, so out-of-this-world, so fragile."[25] In contradistinction to Koch's sardonic necrophiliac, Warhol for Tomkins was a doll, "pale, shy, and a little forlorn in his old chino pants and dirty sneakers."[26] Where Koch inflates, Tomkins deflates, and, not surprisingly, little is discerned in their studies outside the critic's own psychological stance. Warhol's switch to non-commercial painting (Dick Tracy, The Little King, etc.) is traced by Tomkins to the changing of the art director at I. Miller where Warhol had been the resident artist.

Tomkins, like Koch, sees Warhol's career, and its chronological permutations, as an homage to fame and the money it brings. Continually alluding to his impoverished background as the middle son of

a Czech immigrant who changed his name (dropping the "a" from Warhola) to make it in the big city, Tomkins sees even Warhol's artistic choices to be manipulative rather than conceptual in nature. His appropriation of the ideas of others (Muriel Latow for Dollar Bills and Henry Geldzahler for the Car Crash series) is scandalous and immoral, an example of his curious ability to "capitalize brilliantly on his own drawbacks."

Tomkins stresses not only Warhol's financial cunning, but his luck as well. He was lucky to have his first agent, lucky to get the I. Miller account, lucky to get on the Pop bandwagon. He quotes Eleanor Ward (quoting Warhol) on the occasion of Warhol's first show at the Stable Gallery (November, 1962): "'Look what the cat dragged in,' he said. Oh he was so happy to have a gallery!"[27] From the same anecdotal perspective in a different psychological tone Tomkins' lucky rat is polar to Koch's King of the Cats. Only in closing does Tomkins allow the meaningful Warhol to penetrate his study when he concedes that, "...Warhol became in the 1960s a speechless and rather terrifying oracle. He made visible what was happening in some part to us all...what we seem to see reflected in that strange face is a sickness for which there may be no cure. This is the new shudder brought by Warhol's art. Andy, in what one fervently hopes is just another put-on, begins to look more and more like the angel of death."[28]

Pale master and angel of death. The proximity of these two analyses to Warhol as the revolutionary serialist of death merits a critical distinction---the distinction between literal death in a romantic or decadent age and transformational or eternal death in a

revolutionary moment. In the visual arts this distinction may be difficult to discern, primarily due to the tendency of any single case of revolutionary transformation or regeneration to express itself in death imagery toward its former, negated state. Thus, the convert to a new form of faith may wrap that affirmation in the decay and dissolution of the old. Is the silvered hair, the pallor evidence that Warhol witnesses the passing of Western forms of faith as the last dandy or the first artist? If we agree with the psychological portraits of Koch and Tomkins we must conclude that the Death of God was but the latest stage in the decadence of Western civilization. If, however, that moment ushered in an entirely new humanity and an entirely new human history, then that same silvered hair is the sign of a new beginning, of a new form of faith.

After the example of the art critics who called Warhol the King of Pop and Saint Andy in order to dismiss him, the political and psychological criticism of Crone, Koch and Tomkins fail to make more than a cartoon figure of the artist, fail to discern Warhol's transformation of Will To Power into the artist as machine. The power of Warhol's art comes from the power of the cultural event he mirrored in his art. When that event is put into the perspective of the history of Western Consciousness initiated by Nietzsche's proclamation of the Death of God, the significance and meaning of Warhol and his art can be most clearly seen to be theological.

XUM

CHAPTER II

NIETZSCHE, ALTIZER AND THE DEATH OF GOD

The dual phenomenon of Warhol and his art cannot be clearly understood apart from the current of world history. The political and intellectual trends manifest in history after World War II signify the advent of a new form of faith in the West, the faith in the machine-man. This radical negation of what the West has known as Faust is not only the progressive embrace of technology for its own sake, but the revaluation of the entire set of values operating from a given autonomous center. The sureties of God, self, and state that gave Western history its sublime cultural expression in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries have eroded before the contents of contemporary experience.

This historical necessity, which has its origins in the Industrial Revolution, reveals itself as an attack on the sovereignity and meaning of the individual. The existentialism of Sartre and Camus, which gave the new humanity a taste of what it was losing, revealed the anguish of the individual's experience of losing his autonomy. The Fifties was the time of the absurd and the meaningless, of the empty gesture and the "Waiting for Godot". It was also the time of the Cold War, when Communism began to take a firm grip on Eastern Europe and Asia.

The complex reversal of human consciousness, in which all

autonomies dissolve into the relative and collective, was forseen by Nietzsche in 1882 but achieved cultural cognizance in the West only after World War II. In Nietzsche's celebrated parable (section 125 of the Gay Science) his madman proclaims the Death of God (more, the murder of God) as an event in the past that has not yet come to common consciousness: "This tremendous event is still on its way, still wandering; it has not yet reached the ears of men... This deed is still more distant from them than the most distant stars---and yet they have done it themselves."[29] The promethean aspect of Nietzsche's proclamation, the 'meaning of our cheerfulness' to philosophers and 'free spirits' (section 343) is tempered by the catastrophe of the deed itself: "This long plenitude and sequence of breakdown, destruction, ruin, and cataclysm that is now impending..."[30] All founded on the concept of God as Autonomous Other was doomed to historical negation.

That concept most dependent upon God as Autonomous Other was the particularly Western idea of self as autonomous center of consciousness. In contrast to Eastern systems of thought that have never known the Autonomous Other, the West valued the great individual. Whole eras achieved meaning to Nietzsche solely in that they produced such human height. The affirmation of the 'open sea' that followed the Death of God entailed for Nietzsche a reaffirmation, even a recreation of the great individual. In Thus Spoke Zarathustra (which immediately followed The Gay Science) Nietzsche presents the Uebermensch as the man who has overcome himself, who has overcome his murder of God. The necessity of the Uebermensch

in Nietzsche's thought is brought about by the affirmation of the Death of God, which is itself a negation of the autonomous selfhood that produced Western heroes. To simultaneously affirm the Uebermensch and the Death of God, Nietzsche is compelled to spiritualize the Uebermensch with the meaning of that death. In his last notes published under the title Will To Power, Nietzsche attends, in a curious echo of Plato's Republic, to the education and even the breeding of the Uebermenschen.[31] Nietzsche's point is clear: we who have murdered God must become gods to bear the deed. And in a loose sense, Nietzsche's philosophy after The Gay Science (including the autobiographical Ecce Homo) can be seen as a practical handbook for the morale of the Uebermenschen.

Central to Nietzsche's conception of the individual was contest, war. Nietzsche's revaluation of Goethe's classic portrayal of Athenians in repose exposed the savage character of Greek individualism: In "Homer's Contest," one of his earliest works, Nietzsche cites the example of Miltiades, who after defeating the Persians at Marathon died ignominiously after misusing state property in a feud with a Parian citizen. The warrior has need of a worthy opponent, more, an infinite sequence of worthy opponents in order to affirm his individual greatness, his sense of self. Lacking a worthy opponent, however, that same sense of self will turn on weaker adversaries, or effect a devaluation of values by which the unworthy becomes worthy. The mentality and career of Adolph Hitler offers the most striking and ambiguous example in the Twentieth Century of what Nietzsche meant by the Uebermensch

as expressed in Will To Power. Hitler's rise to power, the necessity of war, the 'senseless' attack on Russia, and his ultimate denunciation of the Germans, all as a means of distinguishing his individual greatness, serve as the consummate anti-image of man to contemporary man. Hitler's defeat, particularly to the American and Soviet forces present in Berlin in 1945, represents the grotesque image of Nietzsche's response to the Death of God in contemporary consciousness.

Nietzsche's strident optimism, his cheerfulness has expired. The deed has finally reached the ears of the multitude incapable of bearing the burden. Rather than a liberation of the self, the Death of the Autonomous Other has resulted in universal flight from, and conscious negation of, the self as autonomous consciousness. This practical, anti-romantic journey to the East has three basic ships: political collectivism, collectivist psychology, and Eastern religions.

The most obvious fact of political history after World War II has been the unchecked success of international Communism. Alexander Solzhenitsyn in an article published in Le Monde shortly after the fall of Vietnam pronounced what he termed the end of World War III. World War III in Solzhenitsyn's view was a war of concession by the Free to the Communist world. The Baltic States, Eastern Europe, China, North Korea, Cuba, Cambodia, Vietnam and the probability of Laos, Thailand and South Korea in the near future, are evidence that "In its efforts to avoid at all costs the Third World War, the West precisely allowed it to devastate the world...when we examine the

last 30 years gone past, we see them as a long, sinuous descent, always down, only toward enfeeblement and decadence...it is not making use of a metaphor to say: The Third World War has already taken place and has ended in a defeat."[32]

Solzhenitsyn places the blame for the victories of Communism in the years since World War II squarely on the 'decadence' of the Western states, the fire that refuses to shine forth, proving that naive criticism is not confined to art critics alone. The postwar history of western social democracies has shown an irremediable desire for collectivism and a deep suspicion, especially in their leaders, of any trace of greatness. The ouster of Richard Nixon and Willi Brandt, two ambitious Western leaders, by their respective governments is not incidental. Nor are the assasinations of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr., the most charismatic political leaders of the Sixties. The great leader is the greatest danger to the collectivist consciousness of the modern Western state.

It is simplistic to think any longer of the Free and Communist Worlds, for they are inextricably united in conceptual sympathy. What Solzhenitsyn sees as the unilateral defeat of World War III is the political manifestation of the anti-Nietzschean response to the Death of God taken by universal human consciousness. Unable to overcome his murder of God as an individual, modern man has retreated, denied his own individuality for a technological future which promises the prospect of seeing one's humanity specifically in the machine values of efficiency, durability, and passivity.

The self-repression of the self who murders what he values most is posited by Sigmund Freud in Moses and Monotheism as the historical origins of monotheism. Freud, who read and admired Nietzsche, speculated that the Jews liberated from Egypt by an Egyptian priest (Moses) slew their saviour and from the ensuing guilt constructed a new religion. By placing the origins of what became known to the faith of the Jews as Jahveh and to the Christians as God in a definite historical past, Freud's speculations are useful in a consideration of the Death of God in the historical present. It is certain that Nietzsche and Altizer when they speak of the Death of God consider it as an actual event in human history (though its presence in consciousness may be deferred). Can it be the legacy of psychoanalysis to have removed the guilt by which faith in God as Autonomous Other was exercised and maintained?

Spawned from Freud's work with hysterics, psychoanalysis, in Freudian, Jungian and Adlerian form, found the American mentality eager to accept its therapeutic philosophy. With the exception of Wilhelm Reich, America adopted psychoanalysis as its own, giving it even a touch of executive glamour.[33] It wasn't until the Sixties, however, that psychoanalysis became a cultural phenomenon. What had been aristocratic or private practice in the Fifties was thrust out into bookstalls, living rooms and weekend seminars of the Sixties in what can generically be called Group Therapy.[34] Group Therapy, stylized by the credo "I'm OK, You're OK",[35] effected a genuine revolution in the field of psychology by giving the American public what it desired---the elimination of existential anxieties through

the submission of the individual to collective approval. The psychiatrist himself is subject to this criticism, thereby negating the paternal and elitist stance of the Freudian analyst.

The popularity and continuing financial success of Group Therapy (which has affinities with the 'self-criticism' of the Chinese Cultural Revolution of 1964-5) surpassed Freudian analysis regarding the cultural event of the Death of God. The pessimism that Freud adopted toward the fruits of his lifelong research (e.g., Beyond the Pleasure Principle and Civilization And Its Discontents) was grounded in the Nietzschean sense of the individual, a sense annihilated in contemporary experience. Only by minimizing the individual has psychotherapy come to grips with the real consequence of the Death of God in American culture.

The inability to affirm the murder of the liberator, by which the Judao-Christian God was given birth, is repeated in the modern Jew or Christian's inability to affirm the death of that same God in the present. The original guilt resulted in the ecclesiastical oppression of the individual (especially his sexuality) and the second in the self-annihilation of the individual. Thus what might be characterized as willing bondage to the Christian Church in the name of guilt before the Death of God becomes fanatic dissolution of self into the group in the time of the Death of God. Group Therapy (especially encouraging the 'joy of sex') is successful in America precisely because it ignores the issue of guilt altogether, in favor of 'awareness', responsibility, and the identity of the human field. This field metaphor stands as the successor to Nietzsche's

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image of loosed planets spiralling into space upon the death of their sun. Unable to become suns of their own they merge with the surrounding empty space.

Political collectivism and Group Therapy are cultural forms symptomatic of the anti-Nietzschean response to the Death of God in the Sixties. In both systems the Faustian concept of man is negated. The cataclysm that Nietzsche feared to follow the Death of God as known to the West has occurred in our time: The Death of God is the death of man as known to the West. What is revolution or dialectical negation to Western history, however, is affirmation of traditional Eastern religious thought, particularly that of Mahayana Buddhism. Intellectuals excluded by sensibilities alien to politics or psychology found release from the dilemma of the affirmation of the Death of God in the cool breeze of Buddha's ancient teaching. Faced with the choice of which way to proceed into a godless future in the West they switched tracks back into the godless past of the East.

Due to the occupation of Japan, Zen found its way to California in the Fifties where its vision became integrated with the indigenous 'beat' scene in the poetry of Gary Snyder and others.[35] It captured the post-existential imagination with such force that from a rather exotic, esoteric import it became a full-fledged religious alternative in the Sixties---replete with its own exegetes and apologists (primarily D. T. Suzuki and Alan Watts, respectively) and eventually Zen masters from Japan and Hong Kong. Interest in

Zen soon spread to other forms of Buddhism and the many schools of Hinduism. Student demand revivified or established departments of religion at American universities and theological institutions.

The Aesthetics of Zen, in their neo-Dadaist expression by the American avant-garde composer John Cage influenced sculptors and painters of the late Fifties and Sixties, particularly the Pop Artists. As Barbara Rose puts its, "To trace the geneology of pop art, one must re-create the atmosphere in which it came into being. That atmosphere was generated mainly by the composer John Cage..."[37] The two artists that formed the bridge between the ambiguous, illusionistic space of Abstract Expressionism and the banal imagery of Pop Art, Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, were the most sympathetic to Cage's revaluation of the commonplace and the common object.

Cage's revaluation of music, in which noise is not hierarchically distinguished from music, in which the sound of a passing truck is as "aesthetic" as the vibration of violin strings, is intrinsically more appropriate to the anti-Nietzschean response than the innovations of Schoenberg and Webern. One distinguishing characteristic of Warhol's art, its consistent seriality, testifies to a conceptual order at odds with the Zen aesthetics of Cage and its practice in the work of Rauschenberg and Johns.

The Zen aesthetic of the identity of objects in the world is founded in the philosophical equation of Nirvana, the name for the cooling of binding and conditioning human desires (including the

desire for Nirvana), with Samsara, the historical world of ignorance and illusion. This equation occurs throughout the sutras of the various sects of Mahayana Buddhist, but reaches its most dramatic and radical expression in the Ch'an (meditation) school of Hui Neng, the Sixth Patriarch in South China from 675 to 713 A.D.[38] Ch'an was exported to Japan in 1191 where it was stripped of many of its Chinese Taoist characteristics, and modified to correspond to the Japanese taste for discipline and master-adulation. The coextensive identity of Nirvana and Samsara can be found in the teaching anecdotes of Japanese Zen masters, who when questioned "What is the Buddha?" replied "A dog", "A piece of cow dung", or gave the questioner a stout whack with a heavy stick.[39]

Nirvana and Samsara are specific conditions of consciousness, and in that consciousness itself is conditioned, the philosophical query concerning the existence of non-existence of either is a sign of ignorance. Buddhism is an eminently practical religion, created for the specific elimination of individual suffering. Ch'an, which sees itself as the systematization of the Buddhas last, most immediate teaching, is the most practical of the Buddhist schools.[40] The cooling of desire and the release from suffering is attained by the self-annihilation of individuated consciousness in meditation. Zen meditation is distinguished from Taoist or Yoga forms of meditation by its lack of therapeutic value. One doesn't feel refreshed, illuminated, or even 'enlightened' after meditation. In fact, the 'goal' is to permit that 'one' to annihilate itself.

Although the Zen equation of Buddha and man, Nirvana and

Samsara, has had great effect on Japanese culture, it has primarily been utilized to give style and concentration to action rather than philosophy. The discipline of the Samurai and the sparse beauty of the tea ceremony typify Zen influence in Japan. Intellectually, Zen is an initial fascination, which if it remains true to Zen pragmatics must result in the self-negation of the intellect by the intellect. The efficacy of the Buddhist technique cannot be underestimated. As Nietzsche claimed, Buddhism functions perfectly in fulfilling its objectives, the rate of cure is one hundred per cent. The intellectual movement to Buddhism cannot be considered a fancy, but rather the logical, passive response to the erosion of selfhood in contemporary experience. Polar to the courage to affirm the revolutionary truth of the Death of God, isolated and dissolving consciousness prefers to find the meaning of its self-annihilation in the proven truth of Buddha. This reactionary decision, from its foundation in the inability to affirm current history, amounts to a passive negation of the last three centuries of Western history.

The Buddhist's negation of history is the absolute antithesis of Nietzsche's maxim that "Being begins in every Now", and more than decadence or Christian morality Nietzsche feared the coming of Buddhism to the Uebermensch. The true and greatest threat to the ascendency of the murderer of God in Western history was not the multitude's self-annihilation of its already precarious and uncomfortable selfhood into political and psychological collectivism (Nietzsche convinced himself that the Uebermensch could 'stand

on the shoulders' of the mass), but the sly poisoning of the Uebermensch by Buddhism. All sense of victory and self would evaporate in Buddhist indifference to existence and history. Buddhism was such a temptation, such an alternative, because it offered a consistent and philosophical system that rigorously denied both God and man.

Nietzsche's contest with Buddha can be seen best in the first occurrence of the statement "God is Dead' in Nietzsche's writing (The Gay Science, section 108): New struggles---After Buddha was dead, his shadow was still shown for centuries in a cave---a tremendous, gruesome shadow. God is dead; but given the way of men, there may still be caves for thousands of years in which his shadow will be shown.---And we---we still have to vanquish his shadow, too.[41] Nietzsche's original vision of the Death of God came from his struggle with Buddha's shadow, with Buddha's scientific acumen. The new struggle, the Death of the Christian God, is related historically and conceptually to the death of the Indian philosopher who murdered the Godhead of Brahamanism. Nietzsche's inference is clear: we rid ourselves of the shadow of God in the time of the Death of God as we have rid ourselves of Buddha's shadow after the death of Buddha; the overcoming of the Death of the Christian God entails the overcoming of Buddha's teaching. But is not the crux of Buddha's religious revolution his revaluation of human existence? Is not Buddha the first self-annihilation of man? Is not the theme of his philosophy the systematic denial of individual contest? Of life itself?

It is senseless to think of the murder of Buddha. Even his death is relevant only in so far as it terminated his teaching. What is relevant is that the caves that have carried Buddha's shadow now do double duty---they provide release from history to both the East and the West. Those intellectuals unable to affirm the Uebermensch in the time of the Death of God can take refuge in the teaching of the man who cannot be overcome. Those free spirits weary and suspicious of contest can concede themselves to Nirvana.

Modern Western history in this typology is seen as a no-saying to the Death of God, as a systematic retreat back in time and consciousness to collective social forms and the ultimate abolition of 'unhappy consciousness'. The anti-Nietzschean characteristic of this 'easting of the West' verifies the value Nietzsche placed on his own solitary struggle with 'the herd' and with Buddha. To those who claim Marx (and perhaps Carlyle) as the true prophet of the Nineteenth Century, the self-annihilation of man was an inevitable result of the industrial and technological revolutions. The coming-to-power of the anti-Uebermensch to Death of God consciousness is thereby either meaningless or mistaken. To the Buddhist (with Jung and Suzuki as interpreters) the postwar period can appear as the Western Enlightenment, when Western culture first broke through the 'bubble in the stream'.[42]

Both views, one in the name of history and one in the name of no-history, fail to acknowledge the radical subjectivity of self-annihilation, fail to acknowledge the personal choice (typed by Uebermensch/Anti-Uebermensch) one maintains after the Death of

God. The Death of God for Nietzsche is a personal event, an event which requires great courage in the individual whose every foundation, every value and concern is cast adrift. It is the revolutionary experience that creates new horizons for man's will, that entails a new self-creation. Nietzsche's virulent attacks on Buddhism and Pauline Christianity are an attempt to dissociate his spiritual vision from their no-saying dogma. Dionysus and Zarathustra are the symbolic names Nietzsche appropriated from pre-Christian and pre-Buddhist history to distinguish his revelation. Will To Power is Nietzsche's unfinished name for that revelation in future history.

The Death of God, as pronounced by Nietzsche, is a spiritual event. Outside theological context it loses both its meaning and its vitality---it can only be an axiom to Marxist or Buddhistic thought. This is not to say that Nietzsche was the first theologian of the Death of God (unless one imagines an anti-systematic theology), but that the history of consciousness which derives from his prophetic vision, especially as it dawns in contemporary history, is precisely theological, unavoidably revolutionary/counter-revolutionary.

The first theological application of Nietzsche's vision was accomplished by Paul Tillich. In a theological atmosphere still charged with Barth's call for the recovery of the Scripture principle and the radical separation of theology from culture, Tillich, in The Courage To Be questions the meaning of faith in a cultural environment in which all given images and conceptions of God were dissolving.

The 'God Beyond God' is Tillich's formulation of faith in the time of the Death of God, an affirmation of that faith in new images. Tillich returned theology from its own flight from the Death of God, from its retreat into the historical past and hyper-otherness of God's self-revelation in the Scriptures, to the historical present of personal experience.

By calling the contemporary man of faith to courage Tillich recognized the necessity of choice for every individual sensitive to the facts of contemporary experience---to be or not to be the individual one is, in the time that all support is lost. The critical question is not 'Is God Dead?', but how faith can be affirmed by the individual after the Death of God. The Courage To Be is not Will To Power, however, and though Tillich made truly contemporary theology possible his influence is diffuse and transitional. Inspired by Tillich, Thomas J. J. Altizer pushed radical theology in the Sixties to its logical conclusion. The Death of God was a specifically Christian event known to the contemporary man of faith, articulatable in theological language. Altizer's enterprise represents the first yes-saying to the consequence of Nietzsche's vision of the Death of God from within the theological community.

Like most major phenomena of the Sixties (including Pop Art and the Beatles) Death of God theology was catapulted into the cultural eye by the mass media. Of the four Death of God theologians publicized in 1965 (William Hamilton, Paul van Buren, Gabriel Vahanian, and Altizer) Altizer emerged the most audacious figure. Hamilton's confessional expectation for the return of the God of faith and his

lack of philosophical structure or tone ruled out the possibility of dialogue with theological orthodoxy. Preferring the role of candid spokesman for a new theological movement, Hamilton's influence waned when the media-fabricated movement of Death of God theology failed to materialize. Both van Buren and Vahanian emphatically denied being a part of the 'movement at all', van Buren from his empirical stance in which the statement 'God is Dead' was 'logically absurd' and Vahanian (who predated Altizer's Mircea Eliade and the Dialectic of the Sacred with The Death of God in 1961) from his contention that the death of God was the death of pagan dieties that had survived in Christian culture.[43]

As John B. Cobb, Jr. puts it, Altizer is the most creative and original theologian of the Sixties and "whether one agrees with him or not, one discovers in his writings a coherent vision of great power."[44] It is precisely Altizer's creative expression of his vision of the Death of God, however, that has caused the greatest consternation among his critics. Altizer's revolutionary vision, which is expressed in Hegelian dialectic, is subject to that same dialectic. As a non-triadic progression of thought through time, Altizer's theology continually divests itself of defective components and limited imagery, even if such elements constitute the thesis of Altizer's former position. The best example of this is his treatment of Being. In his first book, Oriental Mysticism and Biblical Eschataology Altizer negates Being altogether ('faith can never accept the ultimate reality of being') a stance he associates with Heidigger. In Mircea Eliade and the

Dialectic of the Sacred Altizer attends the implications of Nietzsche's vision, in which Being begins in every Now: yes-saying to the present moment, to the present Being, becomes the test of faith. Altizer ultimately negates this taut existentialism in Descent Into Hell, in which Eternal Recurrence, the symbol for radical faith in history is equated with the Buddhist Void, which is beyond all Being and time.[45]

Altizer's writing is more theological methodology than theology. Like Hegel, his notions introduce themselves, negate themselves, and then reappear refreshed to carry on the contest. There is no fixed reference, save a continually redefined Christocentric faith. Altizer even shifts his ground regarding the Death of God, from an early conception that God died in our history to its synthesis with the metaphysical self-annihilation of the Hegelian Spirit. The very meaning of the Death of God negates itself within the system of the thinker who founded and expanded Death of God theology.

The mutable and ephemeral quality of Altizer's thought serves to introduce his revolutionary theological goal. In his attempt to demonstrate the Christianness of the experience of the Death of God, and more significantly, to affirm in a radical Christian manner a strong and meaningful response to the Death of God, Altizer has theologized the Uebermensch. Altizer's theological enterprise, seen in its most revolutionary light, is a systematic reversal of the self-annihilation of self in contemporary culture. Rather than a compulsive retreat from the individuated consciousness

which cannot face its own dissolution in the time of the Death of God, Altizer celebrates that very dissolution as the dawn of universal humanity: "Now we are being called to a new form of humanity which is losing every genuine sign of autonomy and transcendence."[46] In Altizer's apocalyptic vision the self-annihilation of the Autonomous Other in the eternal death of the Contemporary Christ is the redemption of fallen, autonomous consciousness. Western history and the Western notion of the individual are fulfilled in the New Jerusalem---the time of the Death of God becomes, in Altizer's radical doctrine of grace, the Kingdom of God.

Nietzsche, in his initial presentation of the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence (Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Third Part, "On the Vision and the Riddle"), sees it as a triumph over the nausea of the great individual---as a riddle for the Uebermensch. By eschatologizing ontology after the Death of God, Nietzsche fixes the Uebermensch permanently on earth, without recourse to future or metaphysical worlds. Altizer's apocalyptic vision serves this selfsame purpose---to test the faith of the Radical Christian, to overcome his nausea and pity after the Death of God by negating the possibility of return (after an eclipse or absence). It is directly from the perspective of the test, the struggle for affirmation that Altizer echoes Nietzsche's temper. Can we visualize free spirits as radical Christians? The self-overcoming of the Uebermensch in the name of Will To Power as the self-annihilation of the autonomous self in the name of the Contemporary Christ? The society of Uebermenschen in the eschatologized present as the

New Jerusalem? The Will To Power as the contemporary form of faith?

Altizer's theology arose from a cultural consciousness that had lost all forms of what had been known in the West as faith. The success of Communism in the East and political and psychological collectivism in the West (accelerated by the technological revolution) rendered faith obsolete, the invisible umbilical to a dead God. Faith, as a feeling and a human function died with the experience of the Death of God. What does Altizer intend, then, when he refers to the 'contemporary form of faith', or 'radical faith'?

Throughout the whole of his dialectical writing faith is Altizer's unquestioned reference, the infinite entrance and exit of his theological challenge. It is evident from the last and most comprehensive presentation of his vision in Descent Into Hell, however, that Altizer's 'faith' is not directed to the God of the credo, the historical Jesus, or the Resurrected Lord, but to the New Jerusalem of his own apocalyptic vision (which he shares in substance with William Blake) defined exclusively in the images of descent and death, the descent of Heaven into Hell and the eternal death of the Contemporary Christ. Altizer's 'faith' is directed expressly to that revolutionary moment in contemporary history which reveals itself to be dying, self-annihilating, and then symbolized in reverse or anti-ecclesiastical images. Do we not have here a shadow, an expansion of Hegelian methodology which

requires, at various levels of subtlety, a 'faith' in the dialectic itself, a 'faith' in history? Or---is there something more interesting, more---scandalous?

For Nietzsche, the death of faith coincident with the Death of God did not give rise to a new form of faith, but ultimately to Will To Power. The Will To Power represents Nietzsche's synthesis of materialism with the metaphysics brought to earth in the Eternal Recurrence. In the cultural context in which he wrote and in his own intellectual dialectic as well, Altizer's use of the term 'faith' is anomalous and misleading. Is it perhaps purposely so? By masking his contemporary vision of experience behind a word that has no existential meaning but ultimate authority in the Christian tradition, Altizer exercises his personal will toward the reversal of Christian consciousness.

The scandal of Altizer lies in his attempt to convert Christianity and Christian theology to a Nietzschean response to the Death of God by an informed reversal of all transcendent and sacred images which support a passive or stoic response. Substituting 'Will To Power' for 'faith' in Altizer's text reveals the subversive intent of his theological enterprise. Why theology then, why the Christian audience?

Altizer adapts Nietzsche's vision of the Death of God to the historical moment, the American Sixties, in which it had become commonplace in cultural consciousness. Altizer's proximity to Nietzsche, however, is modified by history. He cannot in any true revolutionary sense be the prophet of the Death of God a

century after the fact nor can he witness the apocalyptic vision of the historical Jesus di nuovo. What he attempts is an analysis of contemporary culture as a society of Uebermenschen united by radical Christian faith. Because the transcendent God has self-annihilated in Jesus in the historical past, the autonomous self retains the last vestige of fallen consciousness. Only individual will can affirm this self-negation. This provides a key to an understanding of the radical theologian's apocalypse as the fulfillment and maximization of the individual in the present---only when all forms of individualism which depended upon otherness for existence have been negated can a truly revolutionary individualism appear.

The reason why Altizer addresses Christendom derives first from his consideration of the historical Jesus as the paradigm for this revolutionary individualism and from his study of the history of religions in which the Christian emphasis on the redemption, regeneration, recreation of man is unique.[47] No other religion affirms the motion of transcendence into flesh, that God is Jesus---a motion that 'even now is making all things new'. The uniqueness of Christianity requires a comparison with world religions and a critique of its own self-conception. In affirming individual will, this comparison becomes contest---Altizer takes his stand firmly with Nietzsche against orthodox theology and Buddha. In the preface to The Gospel of Christian Atheism, Altizer is explicit: "A truly contemporary theology can only begin its task

today by first seeking a ground outside of the given and established form of the Church."[48] Altizer's reversal involves the systematic attack on ecclesiastical expressions of faith, sin, and redemption. The Church and Christianity represent the greatest obstacle and become the primary opponent to Altizer's will to affirm contemporary self-annihilation as the Kingdom of God.

The anti-Nietzschean response that has been associated with collectivism in the time of the Death of God is hyperbolized by the Christian Church. Nowhere is the shadow of the dead God so gruesome and oppressive. Nowhere is the resignation and pessimism of modern man so apparent. To combat this retreat Altizer mantles his revolutionary vision in the subversive language of anti-Christian and ultimately anti-theological theology in which individual terms are reversed and emptied of their original meanings.

Altizer's struggle with Buddha is, if anything, more complex and more intense than Nietzsche's, due to the proliferation and study of Buddhist sutras in the West during this century. Though still associated with no-saying to life and individuated consciousness, Buddha emerges as an ever more powerful alternative to Will To Power under the subtle and sophisticated hand of Buddhist exegetes. The texts of the 'textless school', Ch'an are particularly compelling in this regard, where the personality of the master dominates the self-annihilation of the personality. Initially, in Oriental Mysticism, Altizer affirms the way of Buddha as a means of recovering the foundations of ancient prophetic Christian faith. The Nietzschean vision of eschatological history in The Gospel of

Christian Atheism necessitates a denial of Buddha and the mystic way to a primal totality in favor of the progressive motion of the fully-kenotic Christ in history. As Altizer loses his sense of the uniqueness of Christian faith in Descent Into Hell, Buddha re-emerges in a reformulated affirmation. Buddha is the primordial identity of Christ---"Nirvana is not "other" than Christ: Nirvana is the primordial ground of Kingdom of God, just as the New Jerusalem is the eschatological realization of Nirvana...If we can realize that Christian love is the total reversal of Buddhist compassion, then we can know the Buddha as the original name and identity of the New Jerusalem or the apocalyptic Christ."[49] This radical identification attacks two camps simultaneously, removes both identities from the traditions in which they have been known and venerated. "Accordingly, to accept the Buddha as the primordial or original name of Christ is to accept the dissolution of every other particular name or image of Christ."[50] And, consequently, every particular image of Buddha. The last lines of The Descent Into Hell suggest that Altizer's scope is more grandiose than a critique of Christian faith or Christian theology and quite possibly includes the revolutionary revaluation of both Christianity and Buddhism to symbolize his personal apocalyptic vision.

The metaphysical language of Altizer's dialectic appears to ignore particular cultural events. Yet as Cobb states, "For Altizer what happens in culture, most fundamentally understood, is the metaphysical reality." This is not to say that Altizer is an ontological realist, or that he can be associated with secularism,

but that the reality of his vision is realized nowhere but in the present moment, the present culture.[51] Baldly stated, the metaphysical New Jerusalem must be contemporary American culture. The validity of Altizer's vision depends upon its historical actualization.

In the most creative and pervasive theme of The Descent Into Hell, Altizer unites the metaphysical reality of the self-annihilation of Spirit with the existential and cultural reality of the self-annihilation of the self in comprehensive death symbolism. Affirmation of the Death of God in Jesus requires a revaluation of resurrection: Christ did not ascend into Heaven, but descended into Hell, into the dust of history. For Altizer "Jesus is present nowhere but in his death; yet his death is an eternal death and thus is present wherever death is fully actualized and is immediately and finally real."[52] The eternal death of Christ's descent into Hell is actualized in culture by the disappearance of Faustian selfhood, which Western history has hitherto regarded as the hell of nausea. Eternal death is Altizer's symbolic name for the goal of the eschatological movement, for the Kingdom of God in cultural history.

The apocalyptic movement from literal to eternal death is accomplished by a radical affirmation of eschatological will. To will Eternal Recurrence is to transform the literal self-overcoming of the Uebermensch into eternal self-overcoming. Thus Altizer must view every instance of the dissolution of the self in culture as the eternal death of that self known to radical faith: every image

of death in the culture affirms the eternal death of God in Jesus. It is precisely death imagery in the culture which affirms Altizer's theological will in history: "Death has become a total image for the modern imagination, total because it draws into itself all that aspiration and hope which once were bestowed upon the image of eternal life."[53]

Altizer's systematization of his reversal of Christian consciousness in his latest work, The Descent Into Hell, reverses the meaning of death and death imagery. No longer is the Death of God or the dissolution of the autonomous self known to contemporary conciousness the cause and symbol for the modern flight from faith and will. No longer does Death's shadow terrorize man from the existential caves of consciousness. Radical Christian faith affirms every image of death as an epiphany of the apocalyptic Christ, the New Jerusalem. Radical individual will finds in every image of death the eternal death of Will To Power. Eternal Death becomes Altizer's final image of the final self-creation of God and man as the New Jerusalem.

CHAPTER III

WARHOL AND MARCEL DUCHAMP

To given forms of Western Consciousness, the artist who desires to be a machine, who negates the Western selfhood that creates art from remembered emotion or Will To Power can only appear a paradox, half-Buddha and half-decadent.[54] All symptoms and expressions of Buddhist or nihilistic negation, however, are conspicuously absent from Warhol's oeuvre: Warhol's self-mechanization is a yes-saying to contemporary experience unattended by any bitterness or ressentiment towards prior forms. And though, even given entrenched antipathy toward the machine, we can be open to the intellectual affirmation of a machine humanity, Warhol's case suggests that affirmation of life after the Death of God is post-intellectual.

In Altizer's theological system, affirmation of the Death of God is a crucial concept, a test for those of radical faith. Just as Zarathustra faces Eternal Recurrence as his stiffest theoretical challenge, modern man must overcome the Death of God. To the new humanity that Warhol symbolizes, however, theoretical affirmation is as alien as the theoretical negations of Buddhism or nihilism. To the post-Faustian man the contemporary world elicits affection rather than judgement. Understood in this light,

Warhol's 'Cool' is the product of what the Buddhist understands as karuna and the Christian as love, in which consciousness of the self in and for itself is found solely in the immediate existence of the post-Death of God world, the 'cooled culture'.[55]

How is it that this shy artist who spent the Fifties designing shoes and illustrating commercial layouts, could command, under the banner of Pop Art, both the fascination of the cultured public and the allegiance of the New York art underground in the Sixties? How is it that the artist most sensitive to the profound changes in contemporary consciousness deliberately erases the boundaries between the sacred realm of art and the profane realities of the business world?---"Business art is the step that comes after Art. I started as a commercial artist, and I want to finish as a business artist. After I did what they called 'art', or whatever it's called, I went into business art. I wanted to be an Art Businessman or a Businessman Artist. Being good in business is the most fascinating kind of art."[56] Under the umbrella of Warhol's Cool dichotomies of self-self, self-world, and world-world dissolve. Jackson Pollock's self-consciousness, still heated by psychoanalysis and the anti-social, bohemian tradition of the artist, scored well in the critical pads of Rosenberg and Greenberg, but got him nowhere in terms of actual control or actual cash. His famous pisciata grande at the home of his patroness Peggy Guggenheim hyperbolizes the uncoolness of Abstract Expressionism in relation to its immediate successors. Cool in the case of Warhol is a sign of Will To Power in the post-Death of God culture, of a Nietzschean

response to the alienation of self transformed into pragmatic affection for the machine culture.

Both Duchamp and Warhol have encouraged and even abetted misinterpretation of their life and work. Warhol responds with a different background every time he's asked, and Duchamp deliberately misdates his paintings (e.g., Sad Young Man on a Train (1911) is signed 1912). Jack Burnham's imaginative exegeses of Duchamp's meaning in relation to myth is in some respect parallel to Crone's neo-Marxist interpretation of Warhol: given the ambiguous and confusing attitude of both artists toward their art and themselves one could conclude that Duchamp and Warhol operate from the same center, or the same joke. The theological distinction between Duchamp and Warhol is between the hyper-rational prescience of cultural apocalypse manifest in Faustian personality and its actualization in the 'Godmanhood' of the New Jerusalem. Thus, though their similarity in disposition and direction runs deeper than appearances, it is their dissimilarity which best illumines Altizer's symbolism and Andy Warhol's artistic power.

Marcel Duchamp is Faust, a final Faust, an infinitely richer, wittier Faust than the legendary German magician rendered by Goethe and Thomas Mann. Duchamp was not content to transmute base metals into gold, but turned his will to culture as well. The British critic John Golding, in his book, Duchamp: The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even, speculates that "If as seems likely, Duchamp became interested in alchemy this would have been about the time he left Paris for Munich, or possibly even in Munich itself.

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The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even, possibly the first of all the Munich works, appears to have been derived both iconographically and compositionally from an illustration of the stripping of a virgin (or a young bride) reproduced in a treatise by the philosopher Solidonius and subsequently used in other alchemical manuals."[62] The alchemical theme of initiation into gnosis depicted in sexual symbology is not merely repeated, however, in Duchamp's incompleted masterpiece (nicknamed the Large Glass) but extended and turned upon the vehical itself---art. Duchamp strips art as the natural and logical extension of artistic Will To Power---he is the bachelor, the magician discontent with the limits and modesty of his medium. He is also the Twentieth Century man discontent with mechanized civilization, who attempts to transmute in fantastic fashion, ordinary machines, such as chocolate grinders, into complex erotic relations. Duchamp's fascination with the erotic possibilities of machines had its origin in the romantic science-fiction writing of Raymond Roussel:[63] "I realized at once that I could use Roussel as an influence. I felt that as a painter it was much better to be influenced by a writer than by another painter. And Roussel showed me the way."[64]

The Large Glass and the notes of the Green Box comprise a conceptual whole: the notes do not merely offer a key to the Large Glass, but in their elliptic beauty intend a literary 'stripping' to accompany the visual. Clearly, Duchamp became convinced (the Green Box was put out eleven years after Duchamp ceased working on the Large Glass) that formalistic art could not be stripped

solely on the basis of an obscure, hyper-symbolic art object. Under Duchamp's direction, the Large Glass became what it was: a synthesis of the conceptual and the visual, a pun in glass (in French the title sounds like "The bride stripped bare by her bachelors loves me") produced like an ancient Egyptian stele to commemorate Duchamp's victory over art.

The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even, is not a predictive device, but a ready-made retrospective of Duchamp's immense vanity.[65] Though it has incited much of post-formalist art, this art orbits about Duchamp---Duchamp is the "Ministry of gravity and the Regime of Coincidence."[66] He is the magician whose work intimidates and mystifies while alive and whose disciples appear only after his death (in 1968).

Duchamp's hyper-Faustianism is not restricted to his work: his dramatic (but incomplete) withdrawal from the production of art after the incompletion of his masterpiece in 1923 was originally viewed as a Dadesque negation of art in favor of chess. Only the posthumous discovery of Etant Donnes: 1° la Chute d'Eau, 2° le Gaz d'Eclairage, 1946-66, a three-dimensional extension or parody of the Large Glass anticipated in the Green Box, destroyed the self-perpetuated myth. Duchamp's 'retirement' was the necessary distance he thrust between his arcane studies and public curiosity. His Nude Descending a Staircase, No. 2 in Golding's words 'was one of the focal points of the Armory Show and became in subsequent years perhaps the most celebrated twentieth-century painting in the western hemisphere."[67] Duchamp's elitism demanded privacy and protection

from both society at large, and the society of artists. John Cage, who was a friend of Duchamp's, in an interview refers repeatedly to his desire not to 'bother' him. Chess served as Duchamp's victory over culture and as a focus for his aggression. Hans Richter writes, "I see Marcel Duchamp---wherever he might be now---playing chess, playing the game with the intense passion of a lover, the way he played it when I first met him nearly fifty years ago---playing it when I first met him nearly fifty years ago---playing it with the delight for its beauty, with the desire to kill his opponent---to win, with the superiority of a master, with the enigmatic personality of a magician."[68] Cage relates the sole instance that angered Duchamp---"It was a game I might have won; then I made a foolish move and he was furious. Really angry. He said, 'Don't you ever want to win?'"[69] Chess is a form of ritualized murder that Duchamp loved, a form savage and alien to Cage's Zen Buddhist aesthetics.

The Austrian Grandmaster and chess theoretician Rudolf Spielmann claimed that to win in chess one had to 'play the opening like a book, the middlegame like a magician, and the endgame like a machine.' This sound epigram describes the three stages of Duchamp's winning of his artistic life: he played his opening by the book of Cubism, the middlegame with the magic of Dada and Surrealism, and the extremely long endgame like a chess machine. It is eminently logical, thereby, that his esoteric chess treatise (co-authored with V. Halberstadt) 1'Opposition et les Cases Conjugee sont Reconcilees, published in 1932, two years

before the Green Box, deals with a rare endgame situation involving only the kings and a few pawns on each side. Duchamp's contribution to endgame theory is the distinction of heterodox and orthodox opposition of the respective kings in which the seemingly random but forced moves subscribe to an abstract principle in which 'sister squares are reconciled'. The final stroke in the ritual murder involves the overcoming of this reconciliation, a breach of opposition. Thus, the naturalistic, even illusionistic qualities of Etant Donne appear less a reconciliation with the art tradition he destroyed than an unexpected and sardonic move that ends the game in magisterial laughter.

The fierce iconoclasm that isolated Duchamp from both the natural and cultural worlds in the pursuit of chess was modified and transposed by a strange passivity, an indifference contradictory to his Faustian ground. When asked by Pierre Cabanne what determined his choice of ready-mades, Duchamp replied, "That depends on the subject, because, at the end of fifteen days, you begin to like it or hate it. You have to approach something with an indifference, as if you had no aesthetic emotion. The choice of ready-mades is always based on visual indifference and, at the same time, on the total absence of good and bad taste."[70] This hermeticist, this grand artist who set about to destroy art in his name, cultivated or intuited that characteristic sense of cool towards the art-object and the art-culture that Warhol manifests. It is this attitude towards life and its epiphenomena that most closely links Duchamp to Warhol. Warhol's Cool is not other than Duchamp's in-

difference---it is that indifference with all its aristocratic elements discarded, the eschatology of indifference. Duchamp's iconoclastic Cool, his indifference of choice, may be aesthetically neutral, but as puns or jokes they do not reach beyond judgement. The success of his bottlerack and bicycle wheel as works of art was determined by the 'chic laughter' they evoked. The urinal or Fountain submitted under the name R. Mutt to the New York Independents show of 1917 failed, however, to pull the same trigger and Duchamp was forced like a chagrined comedian to explain the joke: 'Whether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance, he CHOSE it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view---created a new thought for that object."[71] Duchamp invented the put-on, yet his towering ego kept the reciprocal relation of artist and audience intact---'aesthetic indifference' was a mask that maintained the artist's control over the audience.

The indifference that Duchamp calculated and cultivated comes to Warhol naturally, without the existential edge that needs or covets response. This thematic desire for mastery of all art, all life, that one sees in Duchamp---the image that makes description facile and interesting---has its dramatic consequences. To the Greeks who invented what we know as Western philosophy and individuality, hubris was man's tragic flaw. The unbridled pursuit of wisdom and maximization of self could only result in disease and destruction. Isolation and individuation is the mode of art that

the great individual lives. In a film made for French television Duchamp concludes with what Richter calls the summation of his philosophy and life endeavor: "We are always alone: everybody by himself, like a shipwreck."[72] Warhol, who has passed much of his life talking on the telephone and going to parties, is never alone: The Factory was a spontaneous refutation of the shipwreck of an artist's studio. One decline of tragedy reaches its figurative end in Warhol's business art, and along with it the caustic humor that results from the mastery of language. Warhol isn't funny, witty or even concerned with the possibilities and nuances of language. In The Philosophy of Andy Warhol, like his first book, A, Warhol treats language as an extreme form of 'given'---given to the tape recorder. Warhol's Cool is decidedly non-selective, for the recorder registers indiscriminately and never invents. In a conversation with Stephen Koch, Warhol expressed amazement over the novelist's ability to create at all: "You mean, you just make people up?"[73]

Complete union with the totality of given experience, including the images and words in which it is expressed by himself and others, marks Warhol as a post-Faustian personality and as a post-Duchampian artist. Yet it is the very characteristics that Warhol transforms from the Faustian tradition that distinguish Warhol from the Soviet artist or the collectivist programmer. He maintains Will To Power after the death of the will and endgame technique after the death of the master---he has extended the chessgame of Faustian art to numerical identity with commercial

success. "Money is the MOMENT to me, Money is my MOOD."[74] Duchamp's self-winning along classic, if seldom emulated, lines of Western selfhood floundered in the modern world. Though he authorized multiples of his most famous ready-mades late in life, Duchamp never realized wealth from his artistic enterprises, he never penetrated more than superficially that hyper-American value.

Warhol's self-winning, or self-negation, however, has been strictly in keeping with the cultural moment: his art was produced to be reproduced and sold and reproduced ad infinitum. Art that he had little or nothing to do with, such as the films Trash, Women in Revolt, and Heat, is packaged and sold under his magic name. His foray into 'what they call art' turns out to be a fashion goldmine, as well as his association with brilliant individuals who now work for Andy Warhol Inc. A bold start followed by corporate consolidation makes the best business. Warhol has no need of theoretical structure for his work in case his audience misses the point, for the audience both is, and makes the point for him in their consumption. There is also a sense in which Warhol's art eliminated the necessity of the critic to provide corollative underpinning for public consumption. This is true for Warhol's early silkscreens which utilized familiar and common images, but even more so for Warhol's production since his 'retirement' in 1968: by limiting production to commissioned portraits, Warhol has, in a far more resounding fashion than Duchamp, circumnavigated art history. The critic and fellow artist are left out of this exclusive business transaction between the corporate Warhol and the

corporate world. Chess, as a metaphor and geometrization of thought is an anacronism to the Warhol mentality, something like Pope Ondine in The Chelsea Girls, a stylization of self dated and treasured like a religious relic by the very culture it seeks to dominate. Chess as art could only be bad business, a bohemian gesture at best.

Warhol's amalgamation of art into business was a post-Faustian act, so naturally an effect of Warhol's Cool that one can even question whether it was strictly an act at all. Life occurs to Warhol---he has taken Duchamp's pose of passivity and transformed it into a truly revolutionary passivity. What Warhol has done to art and art history follows logically from his own self-negation. The denial of the masterpiece that Warhol effects in his serial imagery and the negation of the artist in the use of other hands and other minds is preceded and continually determined by Warhol's affirmation of the dissolution of his selfhood into the historical moment. In that Warhol's choices occur naturally, without anything more than minimal preparation, they cease to be choices: the actors (or characters) of the Factory are put before the Bolex and invited to indulge in their usual activity---there is no direction and little camerawork and plot involved. Warhol invented the superstars to 'dominate' his films as he 'created' business art to dominate his life. His Cool is the result of a certain spiritual decision spread throughout his life and work that abolishes all of the traditional forms and signs of power of the Faustian artist. No longer iconoclastic, no longer shipwrecked on the island of restless victory, Warhol has carried art into the time of the Death of God---

he has solved the riddle of how it is that one creates without an autonomous center of consciousness, how one continues after the Death of God. Warhol manifests what Nietzsche and Altizer intimated in a new humanity---yet that very manifestation calls for a reestimation of their prophecies.

Could Nietzsche visualize the Uebermensch as the businessman, could he affirm the passionate overcoming of the all-too-human as Cool? Can Altizer affirm the machine artist as a face of the Contemporary Christ? Could Altizer follow his hypothetical affirmation of history to the actual moment in American culture? Could he acknowledge the synthesis of Buddha and Jesus in Warhol? Does not the descent into Hell mean the final merger of alienated consciousness with corporate and bureaucratic interests, with the actual machinery of the modern world? Warhol's dissolution into the machine is factual, and in one sense trivial: the very ideas of dissolution, machines, affirmation, Death of God, have self-annihilated. Gregory Battcock remarks in his article "The Warhol Generation" that "Today, Warhol spends his time being late for appointments, gossiping on the telephone and arranging files at his office. He seems determined to discover a way of bestowing significance upon utterly insignificant detail. He completely takes for granted those issues that anybody else would think extremely important."[75] The new humanity that Warhol represents is vicinissimo to the Buddha. All great questions of life and death, meaning and intent are cooled in the attainment of Nirvana, answered not in answers but in superficial questions---Where's the party? What's on TV? Who's calling?

Nietzsche claimed the Greeks were superficial out of profundity---Warhol is superficial out of a revolutionary superficiality. His fascination for social detail, particularly of a sexual nature, is a prophetic sign which marks perhaps an unacceptable conclusion to a thinker's apocalyptic vision. Eternal Recurrence and the Death of God, twin injunctions to the Uebermensch, were tests or riddles to Nietzsche's vision of the new humanity---a self-discipline for the philosopher-king. It is most unlikely that Nietzsche could have acknowledged a post-philosophical Uebermensch. The death of individuality, and the death of art, derive from the experience of the Death of God. Warhol's superficial Cool suggests that philosophy itself must undergo a similar fate. The love and pursuit of wisdom is quintessential Will To Power, it assumes and expands selfhood, it is the contest of the individual against all that one can see or imagine. Nietzsche's contest, philosophy as self-apotheosis, has been stilled in victory: the hammer has struck but cannot continue.[76] A philosophy geared to the collectivist mentality of scientific methodology adorns contemporary culture: a philosophy that eschews metaphysical questions and seeks intercourse with other scientific disciplines, such as linguistics and bio-chemistry. The relative silence of philosophers since Sartre and Camus regarding the human condition is not accidental: they too have gone into business. That Will To Power and love of wisdom associated with the philosophical tradition has been historically transformed into an alliance with science and scientific methodology.

Thus, Altizer's application of Nietzsche and Hegel to the

contents of contemporary experience was appropriately presented to the theological community, where linguistic analysis and its relations had not taken firm hold and where there remained a strong and authentic subjectivism.[77] Revelation, or personal apperception of the contemporary epiphany of the Spirit, provides the necessary distance from empirical proofs and arguments required for the contemporary thinker concerned with the contents and future of consciousness. Altizer's transformation of philosophical Will To Power into theological Will To Power involves the reversal of theological language and symbolism previously noted. Altizer's personal concern in this transformation is directed toward the type of man issuing from the Death of God. Rather than a linear extrapolation of Greek or Napoleonic forms, Altizer calls for a complete negation of individual Will To Power by Will To Power. The Faustian vanity that desires to continue unchanged, to bask in the freedom of the Death of God is counterrevolutionary: "A new consciousness is becoming actual about and within us which promises to dissolve every former human and social identity. Contemporary apocalyptic vision can celebrate this new consciousness as an historical realization of the new creation. But to do so it must will the death within us of everything which is bound to the old humanity of our past."[78] Altizer's vision of the new humanity is post-Faustian, while retaining the hyper-Faustian quality of individual will.

Though apparently in keeping with Altizer's portrait Buddha cannot be an actual face of the new humanity---in the Buddhist system the reality of personal will is categorically denied. Buddha

cannot will or desire his own self-negation. His is a system that reaches back before conditioned consciousness. Altizer's reaches ahead---into realized history. As a theologian in the Nietzschean tradition, finding the meaning of his theology in the attack on repressive and outdated forms of language and consciousness, it is unlikely that Altizer can become a part of the new humanity he proclaims, for it means relinquishing his system. His commitment to the culture and history he affirms is far too theoretical, far too speculative, to be truly apocalyptic: Altizer cannot love Hollywood, cannot want to be plastic, cannot become the machine man of actual American Culture. As Nietzsche and John the Baptist, Altizer points to a new type of man, a type alien and in many respects antithetical to the prophet.

That which identifies Altizer's apocalyptic vision of the new humanity most closely with the Christian tradition is his treatment of love. The collapse or inversion of this all-so-human emotion in the modern world is a sign of its fulfillment in the Contemporary Christ: "With the disappearance of an individual and interior form of love, we must look either with bitterness or with a hopeless nostalgia upon the love which was once present in our history. But the disintegration of love as we have known it is an essential presupposition for the appearance of a new and comprehensive form of love."[79] The Death of God and the death of Faustian man have not been feelingless events, but have broken in upon the most vulnerable part of man---his love. The desire for collectivism on all fronts is an attempt to compensate for the absolute love of God and Self

that Western man has felt throughout his history. Altizer celebrates this loss of love as a uniquely Christian event---as the preamble to the totality of love, of Godmanhood, of the contemporary man all-in-all with the contemporary Christ: "Love, as the Christian has been given it in Christ, is not an acceptance and affirmation of the other. It is rather an attack upon all the distance that creates the alien and the other, an assault upon the actual estrangement of a fallen condition...Apart from an actual transformation of both consciousness and self-consciousness, Christian love is not only unrealized, but it is also illusory and unreal."[80]

It is the loss of love that makes the Death of God and the death of the autonomous ego uniquely Christian events, events that have transpired in our time and in our history. Mere cognition of cultural change cannot affect any true transformation of selfhood. The Death of God as cultural myth or grammatical necessity cannot generate a passion or a theology---Buddhism's sophisticated philosophical precedents are far too clear. What does generate that passion is the presence of a greater, absolute feeling of love. Yet the presence of this eschatological love is in transformational form, obscure to eyes habituated to conventional, judgemental dichotomies of subject-object, male-female, man-machine. Warhol is not putting-on when he says in The Philosophy of Andy Warhol, "So in the late 50's I started an affair with my television which has continued to the present, when I play around in my bedroom with as many as four at a time. But I didn't get married until 1964 when

I got my first tape recorder. My wife. My tape recorder and I have been married for ten years now. When I say 'we' I mean my tape recorder and me. Alot of people don't understand that."[81]

Duchamp's masterpiece, The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even, is a complex and highly personal attempt to eroticize the machine, to counterattack the ascendency of the machine in the modern world by submitting it to sexual imagination. The painting is split with The Bride (above) issuing commands and invitations, and the Bachelor Apparatus (below) vainly attempting coitus. The result is in Andre Breton's words "a mechanical and cynical interpretation of the phenomenon of love," a monument to what Altizer calls the bitterness and nostalgia of love in the time of the Death of God. The Bride remains a virgin in a loveless world, or a perpetual stripper in contemporary porno-mentality, whereas Warhol's strange wedding to the machine of his choice is continuously consummated and exhibited.

In the modern technological age, which gives both form and shadow to the future, Warhol's decidedly antidecadent affirmation of love of the machine is theologically significant. Warhol's radical humanism sets him apart from his Duchampian lineage and the Pop constellation in which he starred, for Warhol openly loves that very condition which strikes fear and loathing in every Faustian spirit: the imitation of the machine's identity by man. That apocalyptic condition in which every man is identical in ability and taste is the continuum Warhol portrays in his serial art. Warhol mirrors the anti-masterpiece nature of modern man in its

most appropriate pictoral form. There is no other in Warhol's consciousness, just as all is other to Duchamp. There is no game and there is no winning, no existential anguish and no flights of irony---no arcane secrets to conceal and no great truths to reveal. Life to Warhol is the real and actualized love of the banal facts of our contemporary experience, of the most banal fact that what we have taken to be the assumption of our experience, our autonomous ego, no longer exists. All systems of value posited upon hierarchy and individualism become reversed---the banal is beyond good and evil, sacred and profane, and at the same time loses its former identity. What is, all that is, is banal---the artist, the critic, the executive, are alike in their banality, identical in their machinery. Warhol's business art is a supremely logical affirmation of American culture in the time of the Death of God, an art that simultaneously affords individual will and the love of its dissolution into the collectivist culture of the New Jerusalem.

CHAPTER IV

WARHOL AND POP ART

Clipping the heels of Abstract Expressionism, the first internationally significant American art movement, Pop Art fell heir to a high-powered historical estate cultivated by art critics. Overriding the objections of the painters themselves, Pop Art emerged as the banner for a younger generation of critics, headed by Leo Steinberg. The momentum generated by the exegesis and final acceptance of Abstract Expressionism, coupled with the American public's great affinity for the banal object after the strain of interpreting psychological interiors dashed or dripped onto canvas, created an instant art movement and a scramble among critics (most notably Steinberg and the British critic Lawrence Alloway) to be Pop's champion after the fashion of Greenberg and Rosenberg. Consequently Pop was defined, redefined, and dedefined (as one may read Alloway's quadruped cluster of characteristics in American Pop Art) to fit the wide range of personalities represented by the Pop artists and their thematic movement through the first half of the Sixties until the term itself became something of an ubiquitous icon of great financial potential, but little critical clarity.

In this atmosphere the aversion of the artist of the early Sixties to such crude typecasting was well considered. Warhol, whose title as the King of Pop has done much to cloud and mollify his work, was not the sole victim. Diane Waldron in her introduction

to Roy Lichtenstein says the same of him: "Among the major proponents of Pop to have been subject to this lack of critical perception, Roy Lichtenstein is surely one of the most misunderstood."[82] The critical perception to which Ms. Waldron objects is the bonding of a multitude of artists under the term Pop based on their use of the banal as subject. In playing the role of go-between for the art-buying public created by Greenberg and Rosenberg, Pop critics became reflexive apologists for what the public thought it saw in the flat, brightly colored paintings of Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rosenquist and Dine, and the sculptures of Oldenburg, Segal and Marisol---the familiar, banal image.

In that cultural moment of the American Sixties typed the Death of God, the machinery of the consuming public was interested in an art that was not other than the depersonalized, collectivist world in which it worked. The romantic flights of Pollock, the iconoclasm of Still, the deep spirituality of Newman were no longer viable---they were far too existential, far too painful to perceive. In Oldenburg's giant hamburgers, Lichtenstein's comics, Warhol's soupcans, Rosenquist's billboards, Indiana's roadsigns and Wesselmann's bathrooms, American culture thought it saw a new realism, a new and compelling union between the formerly aristocratic (or bohemian) world of art and the actual banality of the technopolis. Except for the paradox of Warhol, the cultural and critical perception of Pop Art was dialectically opposed to its real intent. The domination of banal imagery and its rendering in highly rigorous and art-informed styles (be it the precise impressionism of Lichtenstein

or the exuberent sculptural expressionism of Oldenburg) rather than eliminating the distance between art and contemporary American society, intensified and extended that distance. Pop Art was a last stand, a final gesture of the Faustian artist toward control and mastery of American culture through the appropriation of its own images of dissolution. Though taken to be a cousin of the syndicated comic strip, Pop Art's true blood runs back to Picasso, Matisse, Demuth and Duchamp. The attempt was to transform contemporary consciousness back into an aesthetic, to redivide the light and darkness united in the Eternal Now of the Death of God. This reversion to prior forms stamps Pop artists counterrevolutionary both theologically and art-historically.

In the interview with Gene Swenson made at the apogee of Pop in 1965 entitled "What is Pop Art?" Warhol states, "I think everybody should be a machine, I think everybody should like everybody," and replies to the query "Is that what Pop Art is all about?" with "Yes. It's liking things."[83] 'Liking things' is absent from the Faustian or Pop artist's oeuvre. Pleasure can only occur (as Nietzsche noted) in the expansion of the will, in greater power---Warhol's definition of Pop Art serves far better as a succinct description of his own psyche. Whereas visual quotes lifted from common sources are ironic or sarcastic in the hands of Lichtenstein or Rosenquist, Warhol chooses (and paints) what he adores---Campbell's soupcans because he had Campbell's for lunch every day for twenty years, Hollywood stars because he loves plastic people, and car crashes and electric chairs because he loves death. The meaning

of all these images of America are bound in the continuum of Warhol's being. In contrast to the Pop artists, Warhol's celebrated Cool is a passionate, eschatological union with the things of our cultural moment. Warhol is married to his tape recorder, coitus has been achieved, art is business. The prophetic and revolutionary aspects of Warhol's artistic practice, the post-Faustian and post-philosophical characteristics of his being in the post-Death-of-God world take sharper profile in a more detailed analysis of the counter-revolutionary nature of those artists who emerged under the Pop umbrella in the early Sixties.

Pop in America began with Jasper Johns' one-man show at the Leo Castelli Gallery in 1958 and Leo Steinberg's subsequent criticism on it. Although in retrospect Johns, with Robert Rauschenberg his friend and studio-mate for the years 1955-60, is more proto-Pop than Pop, it is generally acknowledged among critics that the flags and targets from the '58 show provided the first clear break with Abstract Expressionism and paved the way for the Pop attention to banal imagery. His splendidly ironic Target with Plaster Casts (1955), painted when he was twenty-five, adorns, as supreme icon, the cover of Alloway's 1974 retrospective American Pop Art: the first step, after the journey has been completed, remained the most impressive.

Johns in the late Fifties and early Sixties went on to paint number-paintings, paintings with common objects (rulers, cups, coat-hangers) attached, paintings with stencilled words, and to bronze a coffee can stuffed with paint brushes and the famous Ballantine

beercans. What Steinberg saw in the paintings was an uncompromising flatness. Both Johns' choice of subject (something physically flat like a target, flag or map) and his loving brushwork (which emphasized the painter's application of paint onto a flat surface, the canvas) negated any illustionistic quality in the painting itself. Was it a flag or was it a painting? Bold with what looked like fresh turf, Steinberg appropriated Johns' work for his new criticism. In a grand upstaging of both Rosenberg and Greenberg, Steinberg claimed that the apparently flat surface of Abstract Expressionism wasn't flat enough: that though one could not walk into a Pollock or a de Kooning, one could fly or rocket through them. Johns had de facto turned the giants of Abstract Expressionists into illusionists. Johns had returned painting to the second dimension.

Johns' work of the mid-Sixties, with some published notes, under the more sympathetic and knowledgable criticism of Max Kozloff, destroyed the notion that he was playing the critic's game of flatness. In his essay "Johns and Duchamp", Kozloff exposes the game Johns has actually been playing, the Duchamp game---"...Johns's comment on Duchamp is manifested as an obsessive charade. It is as if Johns had so taken over the contradictory, Pirandello personality of Duchamp that he had no alternative but to outflank and subvert him. In true Dada fashion Johns may be constrained to allude to the older artist, but simultaneously to evade him."[84] Kozloff cites several iconographical similarities (thermometer, book, yardstick, etc.) between Johns and Duchamp, but it is in Johns' review of the

Green Box and his Duchampian Sketchbook Notes that Duchamp's shadow is most apparent. When he lauds Duchamp's "lose the possibility of identifying...2 colors, 2 laces, 2 hats, 2 forms" in the review, Johns is crediting his philosophical mentor for the rigorous cerebral nature of his own work.[85] The notes themselves read as an extension or a parody of the scraps Duchamp put into the Green Box: "Avoid a polar situation. Think of the edge of the city and the traffic there. Some clear souvenir---a photograph...Lead section? Bronze junk? Glove? Glass? Ruler? Brush? Title?...Metal paper bag? Profile? Duchamp(?) Distorted as a shadow...The spy must be ready to 'move', must be aware of his entrances and exits. The watchman leaves his job & takes away no information. The spy must remember and must remember himself and his remembering..."[86] Johns' notes function as Duchamp's---to elucidate and give philosophical substance to what could be taken as paint on a flat surface.

As Duchamp's most painterly disciple, Johns has refined and restricted his master's anarchistic, aggressive alchemy/art into certain sets of conceptual dilemmas and conundrums. That which is brash and self-destructive in Duchamp is toned down, tamed to intellectual gamesmanship in Johns. The mind-body Cartesianism of Duchamp's struggle with the Large Glass is extended in Johns to a multitude of indistinguishable or mutually confusing pairs: color/word, object/painting, number/color, memory destruction/memory retention, watchman/spy, up/down, left/right, word/shadow, etc. False Start, an expressionistic display of paint splashes in bright blue, red and yellow, incorrectly labeled in contrasting stencil, is a good

example of Johns' sophisticated treatment of the color/name pair.

The irony of Johns' puzzles and juxtapositions has not been lost to recent critics or contemporary culture---with Larry Rivers, Johns is consistently the most engaging and humorous of modern artists. But has he taken only the wry half of Duchamp's example? Where exactly is Johns' contest? Who are his opponents? Over what does he seek power? What is it that he wishes to destroy?

Working and thinking in the shadow of Duchamp, Jasper Johns manifests a fascinating internalization of the instincts of his mentor: the Will To Power that flows naturally from Faustian selfhood toward the world is checked and turned upon itself, upon its other self. Kozloff notes, "There can be no doubt that Johns is personally obsessed by doubling and that it can represent for him, in the most poignant fashion, the spectacle of his own divided self."[87] Johns' dilemma is our dilemma, the dilemma of the Death of God. How to continue? The retreat from the contest, from authentic experience into a constantly manipulated binary memory can only be counterrevolutionary. It is as if Johns, in playing out Duchamp's endgame, came to believe that the game was not to be won, and split himself into the two antagonists, whereby winning vanished and calculating to microscopic detail became the world. As the spy and/or the watchman Johns must keep double watch on himself. Thus his art, as well as his being, is backward looking, a continuous retrospective of a retrospective, a remembering of Johns remembering. Kozloff: "For he rarely invents, and as much as possible he avoids the unfamiliar...It is not enough that his objects

have an almost archetypal status to begin with. He sees to it that they crop up again and again to create a deliberately deja vu effect. After 1964 he seems to begrudge himself the introduction of any new subject, or at least subject cycle, and to concentrate, this time almost exclusively in the medium of prints, on the business of memorializing his past out-put."[88]

John's self-doubling of being and conception, word and color, stands as a stark image of the self-annihilation of the self by the self in the modern world to which the terms unhappy or alienated consciousness apply. The present moment and the discrete things of that moment are perpetually lost and/or negated: "I am concerned with a thing's not being what it was, with its becoming something other than what it is, with any moment in which one identifies a thing precisely and with the slipping away of that moment, with at any moment seeing or saying and letting it go at that."[89] What Johns is concerned with, and what he can be said to love, is thought. Yet that very thought is other than itself, a mocking twin that continuously suggests or implies a lost whole---the possibility of liking things evaporates in the paralysis of identifying them, and every provisional identification extends the flight from things deeper into the recesses of memory and dream.

Johns' duplication of dissolving selfhood is the antithesis to Warhol's revolutionary self-annihilation. The traditional, aristocratic hegemony the Faustian artist covets over his audience is abstracted and intensified. Each of Johns' paintings is created to produce response in the observer, to force him to enter Johns'

manipulation-of-dichotomy game. And though certain images (rulers, coathangers, stencils) reccur, they magnify the narrative, anti-serial aspect of a self-sophisticating game. Like chess, the further one penetrates the deeper it becomes---individual moves are masterpieces, continually reinforcing the master/observer dualism. Obviously, Johns is a peculiar kind of master, without the bravura or sweeping perspective of Picasso or Duchamp, particularly sensitive to the dilemma of modern consciousness---a master who has made his mark by giving visual expression to a highly intellectual retreat from American culture, by memorializing with Beckett-like humor the philosophical impasse effected by the Death of God. Johns developed the language of banal imagery as a refutation of contemporary banal experience in which the Pop artists of the Sixties sang their counterrevolutionary songs.

Marcel Duchamp's stripping of art and Johns' riddling visual imagery unites, in the critical period 1958-1965, one limb of art history to its western cultural body: what the West experienced as the dissolution of all autonomies found its most intense and most reactionary expression in the ubiquitous genre of Pop Art. That element which best unites and identifies the disparate Pop Artists is the attempt to transform and abstract the banal reality of the Death of God in art. That they have taken refuge in the classical conceptual conceit of the master accounts for the naiveté and nostalgia, often masked behind compositional cliche, that runs through their works---from Oldenburg's Chrysler Airflow to Lichtenstein's Woman With Flowered Hat. The Pop thread invariably leads backwards---

to previous cultural moments where the artist as creator and art as the vehicle of his re-creation of the world reigned in remembered supremacy. This remembering, as with Johns, is marked with irony, ambiguity, satire, as if in acknowledgement of the tragi-comic nature and consequence of their enterprise, of the pathos of their estrangement from a historical reality in which the Faustian artist is an atavism. Duchamp in his oblique and hermetic fashion attacked the machine and classical aesthetics in his 'delay in glass', a fitting and prophetic preamble to the Pop artists' dilemma. Nietzsche's 'tremendous event' had reached the ears of men: God is Dead, all autonomous suns have been torn asunder. All those values that lionized the Creator, the creative act, the masterpiece, have been historically negated in the culture that appears to be the future form of world history. What to do? How to write? To paint? To compose? To sculpt? To think? In such a total moment, the artist, the Faustian personality, Will To Power in its most beautiful image, is beset with temptation. He can opt for Eastern aesthetics, for silence, for emptiness, as expression of a primitive or pre-historical condition before or ignoring God, or he can opt for the collectivist values manifest in contemporary political culture.

The Pop Artists have steadfastly chosen to attempt to re-create their former identity. When Roy Lichtenstein repaints a Monet, a Mondrian, a Leger or a Picasso, he is imagining, dreaming of a world in which the master did, and thereby can, exist. Claes Oldenburg: "I see reality thru a haze...I am essentially a dreaming

type, reality as I see it is a dream of mine, or reality mixes with my dreams. There is no artist worth it who doesn't believe he will bring dead art back to life, usually by an introduction of some form of realism..."[90] A counterrevolutionary art can be as shocking and meaningful as a revolutionary one: for every prophet there is the scribe who documents what the revolutionary artist transforms. The romantic, even wistful nature of the Pop artists' documentation of the self-annihilation of the self in American culture during the Sixties provides a clue to their financial success. In those incredibly hot and heated years it is as if the culture sensed the coming chill of the Seventies and expended itself in the bright, brash, funny, nostalgic Popworks that smacked so of irreverence, childhood, and sex.

Pop carried Duchamp's contest beyond aesthetics to the whole commercial culture: the bride of art had to be redressed, recharged with myth and value in order to effect the eleventh-hour stripping of the totally banal culture. Contempt for the things of the apocalyptic world generated a mini-renaissance of the cult of the master and the masterpiece, modified and qualified solely by the consciousness that this very form of selfhood was historically doomed. Art critics noticed at the time what appeared to be disposable Pop paintings, adapted from its advertising relatives, and later (after Warhol declared Pop was dead in 1965) a disposable art movement. In radical theological overview the disposable master precedes and determines the disposable artwork. When Warhol makes himself a machine, he becomes one with the New Jerusalem, a business

partner in the future American or multinational corporation. Pop Art, in clinging to prerevolutionary or counterrevolutionary concepts of art and artist, was a blue baby, a stirring gesture that was misunderstood, voraciously consumed, and then discarded by a culture so transformed it could no longer recognize the gesture or its motives.

The Pop dilemma, which was generated from cognizance of the shift in cultural attention from the heroic or tragic (displayed on canvas by Pollock and de Kooning) to banal reality (from the dream to the demanding machine) and its own revulsion from it, was not resolved. How does one like things if those very things demand an end to what the West has known as 'like' and 'one'? How does one go about changing the nature of a fascist or communist reality if the self has become fascist or communist? If there is no hierarchy, there is no opponent, no fixed point for attack. Even the divided or estranged self merges with cultural consciousness---one can no longer attack oneself. That destructive half of creation so visible in Duchamp and Johns is superseded---the end of autonomous selfhood is also the end of madness, the end of reason. Distinction of thought or expression no longer becomes historically viable. With humor one can visualize present/future American society like Yankee Stadium where all the ballplayers, umpires, coke vendors, and spectators are Warhols. But what of President Warhol? Chairman Warhol? Can traditional lovers of thought and language be open to this reality? Is it not already the case? Do we even have the concepts or words, so grammatically

and chemically tied to the past, to describe such a totality?

Thomas Altizer's reversal of theological language was just such an attempt, and his analysis of contemporary consciousness best illumines the distinction between Pop artists and Warhol, between a counterrevolutionary no-saying to the Now and a revolutionary yes. There is, however, a curious distance from contemporary American culture manifest in Altizer's work: his philosophical ground is synthesized Nineteenth Century, and the closest visual rendering to his vision is William Blake. Kafka, Beckett and Sartre remain the writers of 'modern' experience. But are not these literary giants analogs to Leger, Pollock and Duchamp? Must not we raise the question if Altizer is himself revolutionary or counterrevolutionary? Does not Warhol and his art put his eschatology to the test? Or is Altizer in fact more in sympathy with Johns, Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, Rosenquist, and Lichtenstein? In the New Jerusalem does elan spell regression, and personality itself signify a no-saying to apocalyptic history?

From the vantage of the dematerialization of art and the formation of art groups and communes during the past decade, what stands out in Pop Art is the personality of the individual artists. Thus, critical portraits of Oldenburg, Lichtenstein, Robert Indiana, Billy Al Bengston, Edward Ruscha, Jim Dine, Marisol, James Rosenquist, et al, are often, and most revealingly biographical in nature. So comprised of such diverse and indulgent personalities, it is no surprise that no unifying Pop style developed. Each Pop artist had his own style and his own territory, and like long-time prospectors

who suddenly find gold, they respected boundaries. Lichtenstein worked off comics, Rosenquist billboards, Indiana roadsigns, Wesselmann bathrooms, and Oldenburg off foodstuffs and household appliances. There was very little overlapping imagery, and although Picasso, Duchamp, de Kooning, Leger and Demuth were often quoted or paraphrased, Pop artists rarely quoted each other's work.

It was the strength of personality and the sagacious selection of flashy and flexible territory, rather than aesthetic innovation, that enabled Oldenburg and Lichtenstein to emerge from the Pop pack and claim an international reputation to match their financial success. Roadsigns and billboards proved to be limited syntaxes, as did plaster casts and motorcycles. With Warhol, Oldenburg and Lichtenstein comprised a Pop troika that captured the international public eye: three disparate characters fallen heir, for a few exciting years, to the entire attention and estate of art.

Roy Lichtenstein's path to Pop stardom was long and coolly professional---he had been involved with the discipline of art either as a student or professor or artist since he studied under Reginald Marsh at the Art Student's League in 1939. He continues to credit his teacher at Ohio State University, Hoyt Sherman, for his ideas of visual unity. During the Fifties he painted minor pieces in the Abstract Expressionism style, but it wasn't until 1961, (when Lichtenstein was 38) that he found his winning style. His appropriation of the Ben-Day dots of photoengraving fit mar-

velously with his choice of romance and war comics. O.K. Hot Shot (1963) and Drowning Girl (1963) are witty and sparkling transformations of the original comics into painterly aesthetics. The Golfball of his first show in 1962 is a reduction of a common object into an abstract composition much in the manner of Mondrian's plus-and-minus system. Thus, the early works of Lichtenstein's mature oeuvre were chosen on their often ironic or parodied relation to his abstract style: "At that time I was interested in anything I could use as a subject that was emotionally strong---usually love, war, or something that was highly charged and emotional subject matter. Also, I wanted the subject matter to be opposite to the removed and deliberate painting techniques."[91] Lichtenstein's long apprenticeship in the profession, and his commitment to aesthetic theory found success in irony. By treating balls of twine, comics, a roto-broil and other common objects of popular culture in a frigidly sophisticated manner, Lichtenstein removed them, or transformed them into his personal style. By making his own style the actual subject matter of his painting, Lichtenstein effectively negated the passion and frustration that emotionally occupied the Sixties. In discussing his Drowning Girl who is tearfully thinking "I don't care...I'd rather sink---than call Brad for help!" Lichtenstein explicitly ignores whatever reference the image may have for contemporary culture in favor of aesthetic reference: "In the Drowning Girl the water is not only Art Nouveau, but it can also be seen as Hokusai."[92] One can conceive that the original comic is a metaphor for the self-sinking of the individual into collectivist,

post-Death-of-God American culture, but certainly not Lichtenstein's stylization, for it points directly away from the Eternal Now.

When asked by Gene Swenson, "Is Pop Art despicable?" Lichtenstein responded: "Well, it is an involvement with what I think to be the most brazen and threatening characteristics of our culture, things we hate, but which are also powerful in their impingement on us."[93] The great gulf between Warhol and Lichtenstein is illustrated by this statement. Hating things is just what is impossible for Warhol---all that is is loved, without man/woman, man/food, man/painting, man/machine distinctions. Warhol's Cool is profoundly spiritual and passionate, where Lichtenstein's is scientific and intellectual. For Lichtenstein's traditional or reactionary sensibilities, it is not Pop Art that is despicable, but the culture in which we live. In fact, the sole value of society for this neo-Faustian sensibility lies in its utility for painterly humor, for its foolishness and provocative baseness.

In that same 1963 interview Lichtenstein stated that "I think the formal statement in my work will become clearer in time." Shortly afterwards, Lichtenstein dropped the subject of comics and commenced a commentary on past masters and art styles regressively culminating with his Art Deco Modern Painting and Modern Sculpture works of the late Sixties and early Seventies. The formal statement did in fact become abundantly clear: that fine art was the best refuge and the best subject matter for his aristocratic, Beardsleyian personality. Once his reputation had been made, once his large and imposing territory had been claimed, Lichtenstein

was free to apply his irony to the things he loved, rather than the things he hated. After draining common objects of the culture Lichtenstein went on to reduce Monet, Mondrian, Picasso and Frank Lloyd Wright.

Thus, Lichtenstein is paying double-edged homage to the masters when he recomposes their masterpieces. Stylistically, the paintings are treated as neutral subject matter, just like the comics, without reference to the original's meaning or intent. Woman With Flowered Hat (1963) and Non-Objective I (1964) are fey and somewhat problematic take-offs on the Picasso and Mondrian originals. Where Lichtenstein's malicious wit works best is in his remake of Monet's Rouen Cathedral series entitled Rouen Cathedrals (Seen at Three Different Times of Day). As Lawrence Alloway relates, John Coplans' preparations for the 1968 "Serial Imagery" exhibition directly inspired Lichtenstein's production. Lichtenstein's elitist and narrative reduction of the cathedrals could drain two bodies at once---the master, and serial imagery. Monet's concern for light and the cathedral form is completely redacted by Lichtenstein into the ongoing concern for his personal style. As Alloway puts it, "The multiple coruscation of Monet's colors are reduced to a combination of regularly perforated screens, with dilated dots, applied in overlays of one color at a time...what is sensuous and momentary in Monet becomes quantified as color separations."[94] Lichtenstein has not only hardened Monet, but absorbed him. By reducing and reproducing the masters, Lichtenstein has extended his personal Will To Power over them, he has made their in-

vestigations his, and he has found his own identity in assimilating and retouching theirs. That Lichtenstein should concentrate on individual painters, rather than the notion of art itself, underlines his own contestant personality. That he must dig into the past to find worthy opponents, for the consciousness that produces great individuals, is Lichtenstein's version of the Pop dilemma.

Lichtenstein's latest motion is a reversal of present time and culture, a return to the Art Deco style that was popular during his childhood in the Thirties. His Thirties homage began with a poster designed in 1966 for Lincoln Center, replete with theater marquees, swank facades, and automobile grills. The classic forms of Art Deco---the circle, square and arc---become the subject of Modern Painting With Arc (1966), Modern Painting With Wedge (1966), 4 Panel Modular (1969), Preparedness (1969), Modern Sculpture (1967), Modern Sculpture With Glass Wave (1967), Modern Sculpture With Loop (1967), and Modern Sculpture With Intersecting Arcs (1968). Alloway notes: "The wit of the early pieces in the series is lost as the work progresses; the paintings themselves become heavy and ornate and not just double-takes on heavy ornament."[95] By retreating from the present cultural condition to the halcyon age of remembered childhood, Lichtenstein has boxed himself in. He does not hate it enough to transform it and he cannot take the distance required for parody and irony. For once Lichtenstein is serious, and his art, so dependent upon sardonic and detached humor, necessarily suffers.

John Coplans puts it mildly, "It would seem as if he has exhausted for the time being a more contemporary imagery and now nos-

talgically ranges back a generation for what had been overlooked as a cultural phenomenon in the United States at that time."[96] Is it not more significant and interesting to conclude that it is the artist himself who is exhausted, and that the reversion to childhood images seals Lichtenstein's thematic negation of contemporary culture? That, for his elegant personality, Art Deco is the resting place for Pop Art? That distance and hatred for the things of the banal and profane world can only produce a counterrevolutionary art? All that is brash and striking about Lichtenstein has a fatalistic air, an "I'd rather sink than call Brad for help," clinging to traditional concepts of the artist and the magic power of his art. It is precisely this clinging, this abstract reassertion of the autonomous self that makes Lichtenstein (compared to Warhol's strangeness) identifiable and sympathetic, a final portrait of the artist as Faust.

The expressionistic, hot half of this final portrait, the case of Claes Oldenburg, is more complex and elusive. Whereas Lichtenstein submits culture to a single, abstract style, Oldenburg attempts to reform culture through the utilization of many styles. His is a shamanistic, primitive art designed to transform reality into his personal fantasy, to give the banal technopolis his body: "The contribution of subject matter is almost a side effect since what I see is not the thing itself, but---myself in its form."[97] All those appealing, colossal hamburgers, pies, trowels and saws, are covering ruses in the hermetic tradition, intended to bring the world tighter to the artist's embrace. Duchamp's attempt to eroticize the machine is expanded in Oldenburg as a systematic personalization of a hostile

culture. All those spaces that the self touches most closely, most intimately---the street, the store, the home---must be eroticized, de-alienated, with the magical power of his three-dimensional self-portrait. Oldenburg on American culture: "I detest it---to begin with---those who pretend to 'love' it are fake or shallow...",[98] "Although my art gives the (deliberate) impression of being concerned with the outside world, in fact it is simply the personal elaboration of imaginary forms of a limited number, in the guise of occasional appearances."[99] The erotic aspect of Oldenburg's Will To Power emphasizes its classical, Freudian roots. The Faustian game that Oldenburg plays has its similarities with Duchamp, Johns, and Lichtenstein, yet for psychologically higher stakes. In Duchamp's alter ego Rrose Selavy, and Johns' Spy/Watchman, in that self-attack and self-doubling, is an ironic, 'there is no problem here' air, a kind of aesthestisized fatalism. For Oldenburg, however, the metamorphosis of the self into multiple form is no joke. As Oldenburg's chosen other self, Ray Gun, "Announcing that 'All will see as Ray Gun sees,' he foresaw that objects, events, natural forces, and places would be transformed and recast in the artist's image...Finally, having created the new world, like God, and having saved humanity, like Christ, the artist will preside over the peaceable kingdom where the instinctual has returned and the repressed has been liberated..."[100] Oldenburg takes Freud (and N. O. Brown) seriously, and his attempt to eroticize the world is coincident with the conviction that the untransformed world of American culture is Thanatos.

As Barbara Rose, in her authoritative book on Oldenburg, notes, "Perhaps no approach is less fashionable among art critics today than that of biographical criticism. Because Oldenburg, however, has consciously chosen to generate his art from his own psychology and life experience, his biography assumes paramount importance."[101] The unfashionability of biographical criticism is simultaneous with the untenability of personality or its appreciation in current culture. Oldenburg represents a completely unique, yet familiar counterrevolutionary case: the struggle of a strong personality to delay or block absorption into cultural anti-individualist history through the abstraction of that culture's objects and images. As in the later Lichtenstein, this struggle can take the form of a gilded childhood. Being a far more promethean figure than Lichtenstein, however, Oldenburg had no need to return to environmental images to find release from the present---as a child Oldenburg was already an artist of considerable imagination and invention.

Born in Stockholm in 1929, the son of a Swedish diplomat, Oldenburg came to the United States as an infant. After New York and Oslo, the family settled in Chicago, where the language barrier implemented a rich fantasy life. Ms. Rose relates in detail how images in Oldenburg's early 'Neubern' scrapbooks, flags, maps, guns, and the Chrysler Airflow reappear in Oldenburg's mature art. As Oldenburg said himself in 1966: "Everything I do is completely original---I made it up when I was a little kid."[102] The remark is not merely outrageous or facetious: that world of transplanted

European aristocracy which supported the first art of the child is reiterated in the art of the man. Art is the means by which the Child's natural fantasy life in a protected world is continued in hostile adult reality. Oldenburg's artistic enterprise involves not only the liberation of man from a hostile and repressive environment, but his own self-liberation as well. Oldenburg is forced to invent, innovate, subvert, in order to kill Thanatos within himself, he is obligated psychologically to an ever-escalating Eros. But how to override Freud's pessimism, the irresolvable discontents of civilized, individualistic man? Oldenburg's plentiful notebooks, often tormented or opera buffa, record his struggle with Freud's critical themes. That he ignored or disdained the advent of group therapy, transactional analysis, etc., in favor of a rigorous self-analysis is further testimony to his Faustian quality of being: by writing down everything he thought, by drawing typical scenes of every location, he could magisterially resolve himself in his art. As the artist in his conception served as the moral model for humanity, civilization would thereby be stripped of its discontents.

Obviously such a rich and grandiose notion of the role and task of the artist is polar to Warhol's art businessman, is hot with the angst, the dark nonsense of Sartre and Beckett. And not only polar, but dangerous. In that historical moment when politically, psychologically and spiritually, the collectivist, anti-Uebermensch had finally taken firm grip on the world, the Faustian artist, the ancient and modern hero must play the fool: "Oldenburg sees the turning of the 'hero into loonie' as a necessary way of practicing

disguises, in order to enable the artist to avoid assimilation into the very society of which he is critical..."[103] To simultaneously shield his intent and entice his audience, Oldenburg deliberately shifted from gloomy self-portraits in the late Fifties and pathos-laden reconstructions of Lower East Side life in The Street to the glossy, stuffed or oversized Pop sculptures of price tags, dresses, shirts, pies, and hamburgers in The Store period of 1960-61. Enthusiastic public response to his Green Gallery show of 1962, which included Floor-Burger, Floor-Cone, and Floor-Cake, convinced Oldenburg that this 'elephant mask' worked" his audience was seduced by the ostensive object, by the anomolous materials used, by the garish, passionate colors.

In Oldenburg's system this external disguise is necessarily complemented by a corresponding self-masking by the artist. Oldenburg's invention and extension into the form of his alter ego, Ray Gun, in 1959-60 is the seminal moment in the artist's career. From behind the voice and form of Ray Gun, Oldenburg is free to project his eroticized Will To Power upon the world. From the happenings of the Ray Gun Theater, presented in the rear rooms of the Ray Gun Manufacturing Co., advertised with Ray Gun posters and Ray Gun poetry in 1962, the expansion of the artist's ego was expressed in a corresponding engorgement of scale. In 1963 Oldenburg completed Soft Telephone and BLT (in vinyl), Baked Potatoes, Good Humor Bars, Giant Blue Shirt---all in large scale. The following year he exhibited Bedroom Ensemble, a full-gallery parody of a Playboy-type eroticized motel on the California coast. In 1965 Oldenburg be-

gan drawings for the latest and most revealing phase of his production---the imaginary monuments. Fan On Staten Island, Banana For Times Square et al, represent the artist's projection beyond the large into the colossal in acknowledgement of his own success.

The variety of erotic bodies---masculine, feminine, and hermaphroditic---with which Oldenburg had infused his early Dormeyer mixers, wall plugs, soft toasters, soft telephones, etc., is synthesized in his assertion of Ray Gun's now monumental potency. Proposed Colossal Monument to Replace the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square: Gearstick in Motion (1966), Proposed Colossal Monument for Toronto: Drainpipe (1967), Late Submission to the Chicago Tribune Architectural Competition of 1922: Clothespin (1967), Proposed Monument for the Southeast Corner of North Avenue and Clark Street, Chicago: Bat Spinning at the Speed of Light (1967), Proposal for a Skyscraper in the Form of a Chicago Fireplug: Inverted Version (1969), all represent the artist's desire to totemize his sex, to complete the eroticization of a sterile culture by ravishing it and becoming the gigantic recipient of the culture's gratitude and veneration.

Students at Oldenburg's alma mater, Yale, spurred by the comment by Marcuse that the erection of one of Oldenburg's monuments "...would be one of the most bloodless means to achieve a radical change."[104] installed Oldenburg's Lipstick Monument (1969) in front of the War Memorial on Ascension Day, May 15, 1969. Oldenburg's fantasy had become reality: his virility, twenty four feet high and mounted on caterpiller tracks, had become a mocking totem, a swipe in the grand style against the military, economic, and psychological

reality Oldenburg detested.

Claes Oldenburg and Roy Lichtenstein are the infrared and ultraviolet of the Pop Art spectrum, with Rosenquist, Dine, Wesselmann, Indiana, Ruscha, Marisol, Segal, et al, holding down wave lengths somewhere between. Their common adulation of the master and the masterpiece, made problematic and intensely psychological by a cultural revolution that disavowed or could no longer authentically experience the autonomous self, resulted in a highly diverse and sometimes spectacular retreat from the facts of the American Sixties to a resanctified art. Like priests in the abandoned cathedral of Western selfhood, Oldenburg and Lichtenstein command sympathy and respect for their doggedness, for their elegant or bombastic no-saying to what they hate and despise in American culture. It is precisely this 'No', however, that stamps their art counterrevolutionary. Faustian self cannot be resuscitated---not in politics, not in philosophy, and not in art. A truly revolutionary selfhood, one that has overcome the loss of love, is incapable of retreat, of denying the present for former or future states.

Altizer, who discerned the theological structure of contemporary American consciousness and synthesized a theological language to describe it, prefers to visualize this new humanity in negated Christian forms. His personal faith or Will To Power reaches back to the historical Jesus, to the historical Buddha, in giving face and personality to the new man he sees dawning in the contemporary world. His appropriation of theology, and his aggressive and highly stylized prose parallels the Pop artists' treatment of art history.

Yet he is fully committed to the actual contents of our experience and consciousness, convinced that they reveal the advent of the Kingdom of God, of the real possibility of the totality of love in our time. Altizer is both revolutionary and counterrevolutionary: he gives an unqualified 'yes' to the self-annihilation of all autonomies, and a qualified 'yes' to the retention of the Faustian selfhood that demands mastery over the philosophical, religious, and linguistic systems in order to speak of it.

The dual character of Altizer's system reveals not only the abstract antithesis between Andy Warhol and the Pop artists but the intense personal struggle that affirmation of the New Jerusalem entails. Pop is the style for those individuals in the visual or speculative arts unable to continue in realized history, unable to affirm a faith after faith or Will To Power after Will To Power. Warhol's continuation, in which the courage to be after the revaluation of Being entails the negation of style and the embrace of the machine-man, exposes the counterrevolutionary nature of the Pop intent in contemporary American art and theology.

CHAPTER V

WARHOL AND THE IMAGE OF DEATH

Warhol's noted silence regarding his own work, together with critical misappropriation, leaves his artistic production singularly naked before the viewer disarmed of traditional values. This study, which has placed Warhol in the politico-psychological and art-historical continuums, must continuously question its own radical theological ground in order to fairly consider Warhol's visual art in the context of Warhol's personal history. Though, for this study, the formal qualities of Warhol's paintings and films are secondary to the choice, intent, and serial macrostructure which give them power and meaning, the very absence of a Green Box or Oldenburgian psychological wrestlings gives Warhol's images theoretical significance. Because there is nothing behind the Warhol surface, or draped linguistically or philosophically around it, Warhol's spiritual and artistic decisions must be found in the images themselves. We are confronted with the problem of how Warhol becomes a machine, and how Warhol came upon the means to depict this radical identification in his art. How does the artist affirm the possibility of love in a self-negating culture? How can those Faustian ideas of Will To Power, cheerfulness, contest, and autonomous consciousness maintain themselves in the time of the depressing and grotesque contemporary machine image?

Nietzsche speculated that man would have to become God in order to bear the deed of having killed God. The God who was killed, however, was explicitly the Christian God. It was not Zeus, Allah, or Brahma who was killed, but the God of Christian faith. The deterioration of self-consciousness in the West upon the coming of the Death of the Christian God to collective consciousness seems a refutation of Nietzsche's vision of the Uebermensch. Yet if we can be open to the image of God as machine then the self-mechanization of man by man in contemporary American culture is a verification of Nietzsche's prophecy. The murderer becomes the murdered, Faustian man becomes the machine-God in eternal recurrence of the original murder. Or is he? Self-consciousness, that by which the other is known, is obliterated in the machine man---he logically cannot see or know himself apart or distinct from his surrounding society. He is everyman, or everymachine---he is ontologically integrated with history. Though perhaps repeatable, it is an irreversable process. That particle, that individuated consciousness which materialized from the pressure of patricide, which constructed monotheism from the murder of the historical Moses, and Christianity from the murder of the historical Jesus, reverts to its energy, or field-consciousness state upon the murder of God. The Death of God signifies in this sense an historical or biological victory of Thanatos. The burden of erotic or power-based self-consciousness has proven to be too great and too false to the humanity that endured World War II.

The Death of God is the demythologization of the individual and the apotheosis of his antipode, the machine. It is no historical

accident that the period between the proclamation of the Death of God and its final acceptance into collective consciousness is identical with the Technological Revolution. Machines that imitated man's problem-solving intelligence superseded and directed those that imitated and magnified his muscle.[105] The computer and its future kin is the vision of humanity closest to the intent of contemporary man. Styleless, efficient, without pride or sense of tragedy, the sophisticated modern machine is the most perfect example of what post-Death-of-God takes to be humanitas.

And though this desire can be seen somewhat crudely in the class and work consciousness of the masses, the case of an artist, who traditionally extends and upholds for the culture the myth of individuality, consciously denying that individuality in his art and openly confessing his love for his tape-recorder and his desire to becomes as it is, commands our attention.

Andy Warhol's self-winning, his self-mechanization, by which he reduced art to a mirror of images shorn of any supporting or surrounding ideation, did not come quickly or easily. Born in 1928 the second son of working class Czech immigrants, Warhol supported himself through high school and the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh with odd jobs. Coming to New York with his student drawings, Warhol embarked on an eleven-year voyage in the highly manipulative and competitive field of commercial art, a period in which he was continuously working and establishing contacts. Warhol's success in commercial art (he was awarded the Art Director's Club Medal for his shoe advertisements in 1957) was due to a drawing

technique he invented as a student, a simple kind of reproduction generally known as monotype. After a drawing was made in ink on nonabsorbent paper it was pressed while wet onto another sheet, which became the new original. The result was a charming, blotted line of irregular thickness which significantly influenced commercial art of the Fifties. As Crone notes, "Every magazine in the field published articles on his drawings and described the elegance and facility of the line which was his trademark."[106] What remained unnoticed, however, was the fact that Warhol's use of the monotype was a deliberate attack on the notion of style and personality. The drawing could be used like a rubber stamp to blot out an indeterminate number of originals, and friends could do the blotting for the artist. Individual examples, from Warhol's drawings of the period, such as La Reserche du Shoe Perdu (1955) or Mae West (1957) could not be traced to the master's hand---their elegance was a function of the technique's facility, their style was the perturbation of the simple machine. As early as 1953 Warhol is quoted as saying, "I like to have my drawings reproduced."[105] The monotype was Warhol's first technical dissolution of the notion of master and masterpiece and his first demonstration that the self-negation of the artist by the artist could be successful, both aesthetically and commercially. Warhol's subsequent career, which carried him first into fine art and then business art, can be seen as a continual sophistication of the artist as machine. As he passed through different audiences and media, Warhol's mechanizing intent became consistently more comprehensive and acute.

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The exhibition of Warhol's early drawings in one-man shows at the Bodley Gallery from 1956 to 1959 (when Abstract Expressionism was in its apogee), elicited little or no critical response. Books printed in small editions from his drawings, Shoe Book (1954), Boy Book (1956), In the Bottom of My Garden (1956), Gold Book (1957), Cat Book, 25 Cats Named Sam and One Blue Pussy (1957), and Wild Strawberries (1959), underwent a similar fate. Though extending the use of the monotype, Warhol indulges himself in these works with personal fetishes. Angels, gold leaf and dime-store trinkets abound in his whimsical renditions of shoes and other paraphernalia inscribed to Julie Andrews, James Dean or Mae West. He had yet to effect that radical identification by which the self-consciousness of the artist and his culture were united, and the result is a rather dilettantish experimentation with his monotype machine.

In 1960 Warhol abandoned fantasy and adopted stronger images in his work consistent with his self-mechanization. Since that year all images in his painting can be traced to a single source---mass-produced printed material. By reproducing on canvas images from magazines, newspapers and advertisements that were made to be reproduced, Warhol eliminated the dilettantism of his Fifties work and opened the realm of art to the actual condition and power of the cultural moment---he yoked himself to the reproducing machinery of the American technopolis.

Having discovered imagery consistent with his intent, Warhol's art of the period 1960-62 is obviously transitionary, and often amateurish. Applying oils to canvas is simply not Warhol's strength.

The important Bonwit Teller Window Display in April, 1961 [which included Advertisement (various ad images), Before and After I (a rhinoplasty ad), and Little King, Superman, Saturday's Popeye (comics)] suffers when compared to the work of Lichtenstein it inspired. Warhol's cropping of the comic images, and his almost Abstract Expressionistic drips and incompletions (as in Peach Halves, 1961) are unconvincing. Warhol quickly dropped these 'painterly' conventions and began laboriously handpainting mass images exactly as they appeared in the newspapers and magazines. In each case he photographed the image, had slides made, and projected it onto sized canvas. The difference between the original and the Warhol reproduction is minimal. Before and After (versions 2 & 3), Typewriter, Telephone, the Do It Yourself paintings (reproductions of dimestore do-it-yourself landscapes and seascapes by the numbers), and the Dance Diagram paintings were the first indications of Warhol's future concerns. The great labor and time spent on the Campbell's Soupcans of 1962 convinced Warhol that there must be a better way---there must be a machine.

Warhol's first attempts to remove his hand from the canvas involved the use of rubber or wooden stamps and stencils. These experiments resulted in only a handful of paintings. 100 Campbell's Soupcans was stencilled, and the S&H Green Stamps and Airmail Stamps were rubber stamped. Collector's items due to their uniqueness within Warhol's oeuvre, the importance of these paintings lies in the fact that for the first time Warhol repeats the image in a single painting---a technique Warhol was to fully exploit in his subsequent imagery.

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As machines, however, the stencil and the stamp proved inadequate. During this hyper-productive year of 1962, Warhol also painted three large reproductions of New York dailies---Daily News, A Boy For Meg, and 129 Die.

129 Die is the last painting before Warhol found the silk-screen, and the first to utilize the mass-produced image of death. The simultaneous sophistication of Warhol's machinery and discovery of its most apropos image, death, holds special theological significance. Is death the machine's natural, necessary image? When the artist removes his hand from the canvas, and yet continues to paint, must he eternally paint that negation, that death?

The reproduction of a front page photo of a planecrash triggered for Warhol fascination in the image of death and the means best to reproduce it on canvas. Crone notes, "Considerable work was involved in transferring the photographs to canvas; perhaps the use of silkscreen for direct reproduction occurred to him at this time."[108] When asked by Swenson "When did you start with the 'Death' series?" Warhol replied with uncharacteristic clarity, "I guess it was the big plane crash picture, the front page of a newspaper: 129 DIE. I was also painting the Marilyns. I realized that everything I was doing must have been Death."[109] Warhol came to this felicitous union of technique and image, of the silkscreen machine and the image of death in the Sixties, only after prior innovations with depersonalizing techniques.[110]

Recalling that death imagery is crucial to Altizer's notion of the reversal of contemporary consciousness, and that the time of the

Death of God is one of eternal death and eternal descent into the hell of actual history, we can question how an artistic vision of a revolutionary death can be most powerfully expressed. Death imagery, of course, is not uncommon to the history of art. Medieval Christianity, convinced the "In the middle of life we are in death,"[111] contributed the symbols of skull, scythe and inverted torch as pointed reminders of the transience and insignificance of life. These symbols and others have been utilized by Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Klee, Chagall and other artists of the modern period for much the same purpose: to question the meaning of personal death. As in Edvard Munch's Death in the Sick Chamber (1892), personal death is philosophical. Within the context of each artist's intent, death symbolism concentrates on the religious or philosophical problems involved---the actual image of death is secondary to dogmatic or (in the case of Gauguin) mystic considerations.

If one agrees with Altizer's vision of the Death of God, then the shift from the symbolic skull of Cezanne's Vanity to Warhol's car crashes is the documentation of the dissolution of the personal into the anonymous. That portal by which the faithful find eternal life in ecclesiastical theology becomes an endless corridor or a boundless field in the theology of the Death of God. Death can no longer occur to individuals, for that very individuality is all-in-all with the God who self-annihilated in contemporary history. Death is neither an end or a beginning, but the Eternal Now. Death becomes anonymous, collective, banal, eternally recurring.

As Nietzsche declared, "Woe implores: Go! But all joy wants

eternity---wants deep, wants deep eternity."[112] If death is the nature of the contemporary condition, if death is the experience of contemporary Western consciousness, then joy demands the infinite reproduction, the eternal recurrence of that death. The love of things and the love of death are one in contemporary history. Death is banal as soup, and soup sacred as life. Warhol's detailed study of Death in America, begun with his silkscreens of carcrashes, suicides, electric chairs and race riots in 1963, affirms the same reality as his earlier work with greater power. His lasting affair with the silkscreen machine enabled him to mirror, and reproduce American culture's affair with death. Polar to any sense of morality or aesthetic indignation, to any desire to transform on the part of the artist, Warhol celebrates the possibility of love in a de-transcendent, de-individuated, desacralized world by affirming those actual images of death through which it breathes.

Warhol deploys explicit death imagery in about thirty per cent of his production after 1962, the greatest concentration occurring in 1963.[113] Considered as a group, these paintings depict the American disaster in a variety of existential arenas, colored with the boldness of Warhol's affairs. Accident, assassination, persecution, execution, and self-destruction are coolly portrayed as the American moment, the American way of life. These images of death are anonymous and gruesome. Warhol sifted through thousands of photos in choosing those that struck the truest tissue of the contemporary experience of death. There is no tragedy or comedy

here---Warhol does not recognize or love the untimely death. He doesn't mock the stupidity of teenage cruising or capital punishment. All such grand or classic emotions are alien to his Cool, and his reproductions of death reproduce that Cool in the viewer. Are we merely inured to death? Do we simply accept the victory of Thanatos and civilization's discontent? Or has death become life, so that the image of death and its reproduction affirms the joy of the moment? The liberation effected by the Death of God is repeated and joyously reaffirmed in each repetition of the image of death.

Fascination with the things of the world is a constant in Warhol's oeuvre. After discovering the potentialities of the silkscreen machine, Warhol found his most shocking visual imagery involving America's hyper-fascination with the automobile, the pleasure machine. Certainly no other American machine commands such devotion, such consummate concern and polishing. Yet the very machine which responds so vigorously to America's Will To Power and the erotic fantasies of its youth is the greatest killer in the modern world. The car crash is not the malfunction of the automobile, but the consequence of America's overriding love of the killer machine. What dies in the car crash is not only the nameless, faceless identities involved, but that particular form of American Will To Power fixated in metal and speed. The concrete image of the car crash mirrors the crash of American Faustian consciousness in the Sixties. It is the news that has ceased to be news, the figures of catastrophe that have little impact on consciousness-in-

catastrophe. Warhol was the first to make art of this most banal and most shocking image of death. First exhibited at the Stable Gallery in 1964, they provoked controversy comparable to the soup-cans of 1962 and, at the artist's request, are included in every major retrospective of his work.

Warhol and his associates silkscreened about thirty car crashes in 1963, working from seven different photos. The number of images on each canvas varies from one to twenty. Some of the paintings are done in black and white, others have ochre or green backgrounds, and one is printed on silver. The image is the obvious: mangled bodies, mangled machines. In the 5 Deaths series (5 Deaths on Orange, 5 Deaths Twice II, 5 Deaths 17 Times in Black and White, et al), five teenagers lay crushed beneath a Ford. The pavement is dark with their blood. Ambulance Disaster, Saturday Disaster, and the photos used for Single Orange Car Crash, Vertical Orange Car Crash, Horizontal Orange Car Crash, et al, depict similar cases of mutilation and violent death. Certainly the most gruesome series, however, is the White Burning Car Twice, Green Burning Car I & II, Green Disaster Twice, et al. In the right foreground is a sportscar in flames, and on the left is a telephone pole upon which the former driver is impaled. In the background a passerby passes by, away from the blaze. The image is repeated two, three and five times. The scene is ripe for either symbolism or morality, yet Warhol scrupulously avoids both. The boy on the pole is merely impaled. The passerby is just passing by. Repetition of the image reinforces the commonality of this stark image of death, it takes

what could be tragedy beyond tragedy---to the consciousness that cannot distinguish life from death. An anonymous death is synonomous with an anonymous life: the life (and death) of the machine. Had Warhol wanted to emphasize the tragic nature of these highway mishaps he could have chosen photos capturing the personal anguish of the victims. Not surprisingly, however, Warhol selected images for his carcrash series that equally emphasized the disaster to the machine. The car in Green Burning Car is flaming, the car in Green Disaster 10 Times is crushed beyond recognition. One cannot avoid the conclusion suggested by Warhol's attention: the car crash is not a human event---it is a human/machine event.

How can Warhol affirm the death of both man and machine in the car crash if he professes to love each as a radical union of the two? Must not the answer entail that it is the affirmed, repeated repetition of the image of death that demonstrates this radical love? It is precisely in the image of death that the possibility of love in the modern world is pronounced, for there is no more accurate image of contemporary consciousness.

In the Car Crash series Warhol documents the failure of Faustian man to eroticize the machine. Yet it is that very failure which signals the death of a despairing and alien form of love: thus the mutual disaster of man and machine in the car crash is a sign of a new form of mutual love. To emphasize the celebratory aspect of these bloody images of death, Warhol exercises the minimal formal choices left after mechanization---size and color.

Large canvases derive from the work of Newman, Pollock, and

Still. Warhol has contributed little to the study of size in itself. Whereas size as used by Rosenquist emphasizes the fragmentary or Cubist nature of that artist's vision, and Oldenburg expands the scale of his sculptures to compliment his expanding sense of self, Warhol's large scale car crashes are arbitrary and casual. They range from a height of 14 inches (White Car Crash 14 Times) to 125 inches (Orange Car Crash), most between 80 and 100 inches high. There is no attempt to coordinate the size with the actual image, or with the number of images (e.g., Saturday Disaster, which is composed of only two images, is one of the largest). Warhol's paintings are large enough to give clear detail of multiple images (so that they do no appear obscure) and not so large that they range beyond the normal visual scan and become abstract. In a large gallery they appear in about the same proportion and perspective as their originals on the front page of the morning paper.

Warhol's use of color is far more significant and has elicited strong (and humorous) responses from art critics. Rainer Crone: "...when they are not used to emphasize and describe a personality as in the Marilyn and Liz portraits, they serve to intensify the effect of alienation created by the realism of the visual content."[114] John Coplans: "Warhol's instinct for color is not so much vulgar as theatrical...his color lacks any sense of pigmentation... Though often high-keyed, his colors are at times earthy...In other paintings Warhol moves into what may best be described as a range of psychedelic coloration. For the most part his color is bodiless and flat and is invariably acted on by black which gives it a shrill

tension."[115] 'Alienation' (the politician's aesthetics) and 'shrill tension' (the aesthetician's politics) are alien to Warhol's intent, and it is reasonable to assume that his use of color is consistent with his affection for things. By abandoning oils and acrylics, Warhol's choice of color was limited to a variety of commercially prepared synthetic polymers. He chose what colors he liked and used them unsystematically in his Death in America series.

During the same period in which Warhol explored the meaning of the car crash to mechanized consciousness, he initiated a series devoted to another machine devised by man for self-destruction, a machine without the complexity and ambiguous emotional stimulation of the auto---the electric chair. The Electric Chair series was Warhol's longest hymn to the image of death in America, comprising about sixty pieces produced in the period 1963-67. The same image is used for all sixty pieces: a steel electric chair with arm and leg straps dangling, set in an empty execution chamber.

The Electric Chair series extends Warhol's play with boutique colors from the orange and green of the Car Crashes to lavender, silver, turquoise, maroon, florescent green and pink, coral and chartreuse. Here again, Warhol's coloration is random, without any sharp relation to the size or number of images used. In the absence of the many permutations he obtained with the seven car crash photos, Warhol jockeyed the commerical color spectrum to keep the single image of the electric chair vibrant, despite its sixty repetitions. Exhibited first at the Stable Gallery in 1964, the Early (1963), Little (1965) and Big (1967) Electric Chairs were pop-

ular, and their biannual reproduction was halted solely by the artist's decision to concentrate on film.

Conspicuously absent from this second death machine is the image of the victim himself---yet the totally unambiguous nature of the machine leaves the viewer's imagination in chains. Nothing is occurring, nothing can occur on that stage save death. The lack of an anonymous human image is irrelevant. Whereas when one perceives the photo of a car crash the viewer can subjectively opine that he operates the machine differently (i.e., in accordance with Eros) such a conceptual feat is impossible with the electric chair. One cannot avoid the presence of death in these paintings, yet that classical, banal event is dressed in gay and festive colors. Certainly no machine other than those specifically designed for prolonged torture strikes so much terror in the heart, certainly the 'point' of no machine is clearer than the electric chair, yet the experience of Warhol's Electric Chairs is undeniably cool and carefree, a reflection of the artist's reflection of the Sixties experience of death in America.

The cool treatment of the electric chair in theatric/erotic colors arouses an affirmative response to all specific forms of individually experienced death and dissolution. The political matrix in which the electric chair functions is irrelevant to Warhol's intent, except where it serves as the genesis of even more difficult affirmations. Crone's statement, 'With his Electric Chair Warhol shows the ultimate expression of internal state sovereignity...from negative feelings projected by these paintings, the logical con-

clusion follows: state sovereignity cannot exist without being mis-used,"[116] illustrates the danger of juxtaposing political with aesthetic criticism. Warhol's Electric Chairs are hymns to death, single notes in a continuum devoted to Death in America taken from mass-produced images in newspapers and magazines. As such, they reflect realities, deliberately inhibit, through the use of the silkscreen machine, the artist's projections. Negative feelings, or 'alienated consciousness', precedes the Marxist perception of art, and makes 'logical conclusions' about images and icons of an abjured and insufficient reality which are often indistinguishable from straight political propaganda.

Must we have a revolutionary consciousness, more, the same kind of revolutionary consciousness to criticize the revolutionary artist? If we can take the artist to be a prophet, a man who experiences most fully the future of man, then the answer to this question might well be found in the contradiction or contest of critics who represent or characterize pre-revolutionary states of consciousness, each with their particular concept of revolutionary and counterrevolutionary. To Crone, Warhol is a neo-Marxist revolutionary. To Stephen Koch he is a pathological necrophiliac. To a radical interpretation of Altizer, who is a radical interpreter of Christian theology, Warhol's death imagery is apocalyptic, calling the man of faith to a final and eternal union with history. To all critical interpretation, however, Warhol must remain in some part obscure, for if his sense and goal of being can be correctly intimated theologically, then his new humanity cannot

be accurately described in given language systems which perpetuate traditional human experience.

Electric Chair underlines this conceptual and descriptive difficulty. Warhol's cheery affirmation of the death of American Will To Power in the car crash can perhaps be seen as a bizarre portrait of individual fantasies gone wrong. The electric chair, however, is no personal fantasy, but a state institution bolstered by an entire coterie of laws and attendents. It is not a going-wrong, but an eternally going-right. We can easily be persuaded that the American image of death is the automobile if, like Warhol, we love it. Are we so easily persuaded, however, that Warhol loves the electric chair---and that we do also? Does this take 'liking things' too far---i.e., beyond value? To indiscriminately love men and machines, to adulate all elements of a reality shorn of all transcendence, to love death in everything: is this incompatible with affection for whatever fascist, communist or collectivist political state that exists?

Such speculation suggests that it is not only the America of highway that is the machine of death, but also the America of courts and taxes, of student protests and race riots, of homicides and suicides. The electric chair is merely the last, the most picturesque machine in the process. That dissolution of selfhood which resulted in an anti-Nietzschean response to the death of God has taken upon itself both political and psychological power. The anti-Uebermensch maintains itself as it can. The electric chair is only the most gruesome image of this reality.

During 1963, while working on the Car Crash and Electric Chair series, Warhol collected press photos from Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and Castro's revolution in Cuba, and in his third major series on Death in America, the Race Riot series, it is the hand-held death machines of the police that merit Warhol's primary attention, not the political struggle or emotional anguish of the American Negro. The originals for Warhol's Race Riot series were three news photos of black demonstrators in Birmingham, Alabama in the summer of 1963. In each of the three images, a police dog is attacking a demonstrator, ripping his pants. In one of the images, a policeman's riot stick dominates the scene, and in one of the multiples in Red Race Riot, the original is cropped so that the Negro demonstrator is excluded altogether. Initiated with the Mustard, Mauve, and Red Race Riots and completed with the Little Race Riots of the following year, the series is quite short, comprising thirteen pieces in all. The 1963 versions are all large (114" X 82") and typically glamorized; the 1964 versions are small (30" X 35") and more modestly done in flat white, blue and silver.

If Warhol reproduces what he likes best in American culture in his art, then quantity can be a good measure of what he likes best in his artistic production: the small edition, lack of psychedelic coloration, and standardization of canvas size of the Race Riot series indicate that this kind of American death machine runs a clear third to the automobile and the electric chair. The selection of the race riot to illustrate the image of American Death, however, is necessary, for in this series Warhol affirms a more profound reality,

and a stronger image than riot sticks and police dogs. America's love of death and self-negation is not only seen in the instruments of suppression and disaster, but in its mixed, and necessarily contestant racial components. Warhol's series reflects the painful truth---that the eternal struggle between the Caucasians, Negroes, Spanish-Americans, Near Eastern and Asian-Americans, and the resulting misery and death, is precisely what America is. American society is a continuous race riot. Only in the Sixties was this first acknowledged, and with the acknowledgement came an intensification and magnification of the condition. Large scale race riots in Watts and Detroit led to the formation and subsequent annihilation of the openly avowed armed resistence of the Black Panther Party. The affluent and hyper-American Black Muslim sect founded by Elijah Mohammed operates under the principle that Whites are devils and must be eradicated---a cunning combination of racial and religious warfare that serves as a reverse hyperbolization of American Negro history.

The traditional idea of America, of many races and religions harmoniously building a new society, was stripped away by the Sixties, and became the image of the race riot, of inevitable, escalatory death. Can we put aside the myths and affirm this actual America? Can we apperceive in the escalation of racial violence the possibility of apocalyptic love? Warhol's simple affection for the things of American culture goes hand in hand with the vision that death itself has become Americanized, plasticized. Where the American finds America in his consciousness is expressly in the image of death.

In the car crash, the electric chair and the race riot, Warhol finds the apropos images of death which reflect his radical synthetic selfhood. These striking images, collected from mass-produced sources, however, represent only the preamble to Warhol's complete vision of the Death of God in American culture, for it is not the event or even the thrill of eternal death that most concerns Warhol, but its consequence: the machine man. Consistent with his identification with the American moment, Warhol gives American death his face, the face of everyman. In the personal portraits of film-stars, businessmen, artists, and unknowns, Warhol affirms the teleology of radical theology: everyone is Christ, everyone is a star, God is all-in-all with the world. The dissolution of a false and distant love is actualized in a new eroticism devoted to the face of death.

CHAPTER VI

PORTRAIT OF AMERICA AS MACHINE

Contemporaneous to the image of death, Warhol found the subject which reflected his vision even more powerfully: the human face. Easily more than sixty per cent of Warhol's artistic production since 1962 (from 129 Die to Andy Warhol's Frankenstein) is devoted to the personal portrait. Such attention to personality agrees with Flemish and English art precedents (and even Goya's ironic portraits of the Spanish court) with one major qualification---Warhol's portraits of contemporary humanity reveal none of the heroic or isolated beauty required in traditional Western selfhood, none of that autonomous power by which that selfhood has identified itself. By submitting all faces to the same silkscreen or camera, to the artist's unvarying Cool, the faces of filmstars, artists, wanted men, curators and socialites converge into a single identity and a single image: the self-portrait of the artist as a machine. Marilyn Monroe, Sidney Janis, Salvatore V., and Nelson Rockefeller are all Warhols, or all Marilyns, or all Rockefellers---all pieces in an infinite series that portrays the Godmanhood, the contemporary machine man as it exists and wills, not as it remembers.

Continuation in the face of the experience of the self-annihilation of all traditional autonomies remains the critical question. Merely to acknowledge its truth cannot resolve the spiritual dilemma:

faith, Will To Power demands task, goal, victory. The most demanding truth of the Death of God is the genesis of a new humanity, a new form of love. In Nietzsche's vision of the Uebermensch and Altizer's vision of the New Jerusalem this new humanity requires a revaluation or reversal of all values and the unqualified practical affirmation of the Eternal Now. The banal, the mechanized, the fascist, the glamorous, the superficial contents of experience and consciousness are the subject/object of this revolutionary love.

Contemporary Western history is witness that the revolutionary event of the Death of God (with its other names) has come to Western consciousness: it is the assumption for functioning safely and sanely in the world. The anti-individualistic, superstitious and hard-working nature of current societies embodies the weak, anti-Nietzschean response to this event, in which each instance of dissolution demonstrates the invalidity of Faustian consciousness. What remains the greatest test for contemporary man is to affirm from within the spacetime of Will To Power's self-annihilation the consequences of the Death of God. The image of death, in which every American can immediately identify his dissolving selfhood, is far too passive. That courage to accept acceptance by which Tillich first characterized radical Christian faith, and Altizer's radical interpretation of grace in which Spirit self-annihilates into man, dramatize their conviction that the Death of God and its consequence is and can only be, for man. Thanatos, death, dissolution, annihilation, are images and symbols of the new courage.

Warhol's appropriation of serial imagery, of the monotype and silkscreen, prepares his homage to the new humanity which has passed through all literal deaths of wholly other external and internal consciousnesses and rejoices in its strange new machine-self. The faces that Warhol portrays are as plastic as the reality from which they are chosen, yet in all his portraits, Warhol instinctively intimates affection: the death that America is (in the car crash, electric chair, and race riot) becomes the personal image when touched by eschatological love. America becomes the American, the Death of God known to culture becomes a post-individualistic individuality. The personal image is not other than the image of death---it is the continuation of the image of death into the eternal death of cultural history.

The self as machine: packaged, programmed, emotionless, anonymous and functional. Every machine is the same, every machine is a star. Everybody is famous in the eschatological present. It is entirely consistent with Warhol's vision of reality that his first portraits of America as machine were portraits of popular American filmstars. The filmstar is everyman as machine, the mechanization of that retreat from personality by which everyman knows himself. The passing through the Death of God is the passing of the star-gazer to the star: "In the future everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes."[117] Everyone is a star, everyone is always being creative. These humanistic affirmations emphasize the erotic, glamorous nature of the American death machine and the ultimate concern Warhol the man and artist has for its anonymous face.

Warhol's first portraits consisted of three Troy Donahues (Little Troy, Troy, Troy Diptych), a Warren Beatty (Warren), and the first of the Elvis Presley series (Red Elvis, Blue Elvis, Campbell's Elvis). In each case, Warhol took standard publicity photos of the stars and submitted them to the same silkscreen technique by which he reproduced American death imagery. Red Elvis, which is thirty six images of Elvis in a glamorous pose, is no more an adulation of the actor's beauty than the car crash series is an adulation of gore. Elvis the star, Elvis the object of the inestimatable quanta of American teenage love, is a star-machine packaged and reproduced for the star market. To emulate the star is to want to be a machine, to desire all those plastic qualities hyperbolized by the publicity shot. Although Elvis occurs later (in the full-length gunfighter pose of Triple Elvis, et al) Troy Donahue and Warren Beatty do not. The simplest explanation for their absence is that Warhol became fascinated with a far more glamorous face, a face that simultaneously embodied the American Dream and the mechanization of the star-machine: Marilyn Monroe.

From the farm to Hollywood: a new name, a new coiffure, a new packaged identity. That process by which Marilyn Monroe became a star is the epitome of the process by which European and Asian immigrants became Americans---all given, all genuine traditions and conventions of individuality are denied in favor of the plastic surgery of stardom. The literal death of the star merely punctuates the eternal death of becoming a star. That Will To Power or instinctive Manifest Destiny by which America itself became a star is

captured in the face of Marilyn Monroe: radiant, sexual, confident, with a synthetic half-life that could not survive the Sixties.

Warhol began the Marilyn Monroe series before the actress's death, and continued it afterward. 129 Die and Marilyns: "I realized that everything I was doing must have been Death." It is uninteresting to conclude, however, that Warhol was merely predicting personal tragedy in the earlier pieces or eulogizing in the latter. The death of a machine cannot be tragic, no matter how one strains the word. It is like a television sign-off---it occurs anonymously, without emotion or existential anxiety. Warhol himself was critically wounded in 1968 (by Valerie Solanis, the founder of The Society for Cutting Up Men, and bit actress in Warhol's film I, A Man) and continues to regard the shooting as a TV event. Yet, and foremost, it is precisely this TV death that the star embodies that Warhol (and America) loves: to pity or forsake the star is to deny that which is most American, most present to contemporary American consciousness.

Warhol's portraiture is at its most lavish and paradoxical in the thirty pieces that make up the Marilyn series---nowhere is he so flamboyant, euphoric, and frigid. In the biggest American star of the Sixties Warhol saw the opportunity to mirror the famous American machine. For those in love with the American Dream and its Hollywood screening, the Marilyn series is where Warhol really disappoints. Even those capable of digesting the cool affirmation of the image of death in the electric chair, who are resigned politically and psychologically to collectivist machine consciousness, balk at the

image of the American sex symbol as consumer article, as the completely mechanized self.

All thirty pieces of the series (including the stunning Marilyn's Lips) are reproductions of a publicity still. They are rather small (26" X 16") except for The Twenty-Five Colored Marilyns (1962) Marilyn Diptych (1962) and Marilyn's Lips (1964), which approximate the size of the disaster series. What distinguishes Marilyn from the earlier Elvis portraits (and the Disaster series) is Warhol's non-arbitrary use of color. Whereas the image of Elvis is printed in black on randomly colored backgrounds, those colors associated with Marilyn Monroe's cosmetic sex appeal are exaggerated---her hair is golden, the lips are phosphorescent ruby, the eyeshadow a broad swath of aquamarine, the face itself a perpetual blush. There is even some attempt to create chiaroscuro effects. Though the background is flat, shadows play upon the face, silhouette the nose, and give realistic dimension to the portrait. Compared to the deadpan, insouciant portrait of Elizabeth Taylor (Early Colored Liz) from the same period, Warhol's glamorization of Marilyn Monroe is obvious---and curious.

Why should Warhol stretch his normal operating code, the pure reflection of mass-produced images, to glamorize the most glamorous star of the Sixties? Is he for the first time insisting that colors have themselves become commercialized? Does he revert to his fetishes of the Fifties? Is his love for the Marilyn Monroe star machine so great that some emotion slips into his work? Or does the attention and work involved in silkscreening multiple

colors indicate a dissatisfaction with the silkscreen machine itself?

Although Warhol went on to complete an enormous number of portraits (including over a hundred self-portraits) none have the impact or intensity of the Marilyn series, possibly because the others (including Liz Taylor, Roger Maris and the then Jackie Kennedy) were simply not in Marilyn's class, weren't mechanized enough to illustrate the equivalence of star and stargazer. The series devoted to Liz Taylor (with the remarkable exception of the Silver Liz, Blue Liz, and Double Liz as Cleopatra series) is dull. Although the lips and eyeshadow are also exaggerated, it appears dilettantish, more like the lipstick itself is smeared, or some oblique reference to the casual strokes of Abstract Expressionism. Only when the commercial object appears in its proper wrapper (in Liz's case the role of Cleopatra) does the power of Warhol's reflection shine forth.

Warhol first portrayed the radical identity of the machine-star and the machine-stargazer in the machinery of contemporary America by silkscreening the faces of famous filmstars as he had Campbell's soupcans and electric chairs. The top is the bottom. Yet the bottom is also the top, as well as every rung along the way. And what is more, there is an inexhaustible supply of personal images in those rungs. If everyone is a star, then everyone deserves a star portrait. A dancer (Merce Cunningham) is a star, a baseball player (Roger Maris) is a star, an artist (Robert Rauschenberg) is a star, and to follow the reduction to its logical

conclusion, the art consumer is a star.

The most enduring feature of Warhol's art is its devotion to commissioned portraiture. Warhol's first major commission was for the New York State Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1964. For his subject, Warhol chose thirteen men taken from 1956 wanted posters, would-be occupants of the electric chair. After Monroe and Taylor: the criminal as star. Thirteen stars twenty feet square on the side of the state pavilion. Most Wanted Men, however, proved to be political dynamite and, at the order of then Governor Nelson Rockefeller, was asked to be removed. In response Warhol painted over the portraits in silver (thereby making his first non-figurative painting) and proceeded to do portraits of the Governor and his wife on commission in 1967. From such a volatile beginning Warhol swung his portraiture into ever more bland territory. Anyone could be a star if they had the money. Ethel Scull, Mike and Bob Abrams, Judy Heiman, Watson Powell (a.k.a. Mr. Nobody, All-American, and The American Male), Florence Barron, Holly Solomon, Sidney Janis---the list of socialites, insurance magnates, entrepreneurs and politicians (including the Mao series of the Seventies) extends indefinitely into the business future. The machine business man is up there with Marilyn in the Warhol constellation and in the Warhol reality. To demonstrate that the artist is not distinct in any respect from the criminal or the politician, the sex symbol or the financier, Warhol included himself in the Portrait of America as Machine with two series of self-portraits in 1964, and the more famous image of 1967: the artist is

just as manufactured as the actress, an identical, anonymous face of American death.

At the exhibition of Flowers in Paris in 1965 Warhol declared he was through with painting (i.e., no longer satisfied with the silkscreen machine). The seemingly limitless number of reproductions of a photo that won second prize in a photography contest for housewives (which resemble chic wallpaper more than anything else) captures the secondary interest his silkscreens had become after the Marilyn series.

Warhol did not leave or kill painting, he merely left it for a new machine he liked better---the Bolex camera. The film camera enabled Warhol to make a more glamorous portrait of mechanized America, to make Marilyns of everybody who wandered into The Factory. Simply by placing an anonymous face before the Bolex, Warhol created the first American superstar, the first cinematic fusion of the Lower East Side and Hollywood. Baby Jane Holzer, Edie Sedgwick, Nico, Ingrid Superstar, Ultra Violet and Viva: a procession of common or anonymous faces as instant stars. There is no arduous success story here of agents, screen tests, reading parts, or Hollywood politics, for the superstars were already mechanized, already deteriorated and drugged, as emulations and emulsions of the American machine.

Warhol passed easily from a highly successful career as a commercial artist, to international fame on the strength of his silkscreens of the image of death and filmstars. If the personal became anonymous in his paintings, it was a mechanical representation

of how the idea became instinct in the man. Structurally we have referred to Warhol's Will To Power, the intent which unites his disparate artworks in the same continuum. Proceeding from this is the notion that Warhol's intent is more instinctual than intellectual, that his artistic ideas are identical with cultural facts. Having negated the concepts of master and masterpiece, Warhol is truly at the mercy of cultural history. The end of painting that Duchamp announced half a century ago became realized to the cultural consciousness of the Sixties that Warhol reflected. Pop and field painting were the last of the canvas, a convention that had endured since the end of the Middle Ages.

When Warhol switched machines, and moved his portrait of America before the film camera, he left the field in which he had been professionally engaged since 1949, for a medium and a subculture that offered even greater fame and power, but which at the same time was steadfastly dedicated to what were ancient and outdated artistic concepts: the director and the narrative (the master and the masterpiece). The entertainment film with a formula plot (generally a Western or a mystery) was big business. The director was the star, not the actors. Even in the cinematic avant garde, the director consciously created a masterpiece on film intended to provoke response from the audience. As a medium, film is still an infant, and its value and commercial potency derives mainly from its use as a sedative and dream-evoker. The act of making an entertainment film is inseparable from the act of seeing it: that which the spectator wants, the film gives. In Warhol's

first films, he gives nothing, which is what makes them revolutionary within the medium. Gradually, however, Warhol drifted toward the entertainment concept of film: away from his roots in Duchamp and serial imagery, to what can easily be called business film-making in which his only role was giving his name to the production of his epigone, Paul Morrissey.[118]

Warhol's first films (beginning in 1963 through the winter of '64) are experimental per forza---when he took on the camera Warhol had absolutely no technique. They were silent, because Warhol didn't have a soundtrack camera, and still, because he didn't have the sophisticated tracking machines of Hollywood studios. Their closest kin was the home-movie, yet it was the very limitations of the Bolex that gave these first attempts remarkable strength. Silence and stillness: two images of a living death, two images that refute a director orchestrating action to a personal score. Warhol's technical ignorance was most fortuitous, for it enabled him to remove himself from the camera as he had with the silkscreen---he could have friends replace the film reels as they ran out, while the director was out for an ice cream.

Warhol's first film was shot during a trip to Los Angeles in 1963. Titled Tarzan and Jane Regained Sort Of (with Claes and Pat Oldenburg, Taylor Mead and others) it is a pot pourri of personal incidents (Taylor Mead plays with dogs, dances in his swimsuit, etc.)---a warming up to the machine. "Oh, it's Warhol all right... in the sense that he'd film no matter what's going on in front of the camera" (Paul Morrissey after reseeing the film).[119] After

returning to The Factory, Warhol eliminated excess imagery (as he had eliminated the expressionistic brush-strokes of his earliest paintings) and concentrated on a single theme. Sleep, Kiss, Haircut, Blow-job and Empire (which was given the prestigious Independent Film Award) are silent, black-and-white studies of common or profane events (including a day in the life of the Empire State Building) taken as the most glamorous of all possible events.

Antithetical to the viewer's demand for action and the director's desire to control that action, Warhol's first cinematic portrait is in many respects his most stunning: the six hour portrait of a man sleeping. Certainly to those critics accustomed either to plots or technical virtuosity, no film could have given less, no film pleased so little. Sleep challenged the conventions by which film was perceived and criticized, thereby overnight becoming the conversation piece of the independent film movement in New York at the Film-Maker's Cinemateque and the Film-Makers Co-operative, and the darling of the dean of that movement, Jonas Mekas.

The star of Sleep was the avant-garde poet John Giorno, who, over a period of several weeks, disrobed and drifted into the easy role of the sleeper. Warhol set up a motorized Bolex, loaded with hundred-foot magazines, turned on the key lamp and simply let the magazine run out: "It started with somebody sleeping and it just got longer and longer and longer."[120] With each new cartridge, Warhol chose a different camera angle---(a close-up of the breathing abdomen, a close-up of the face, etc.)---so that the finished product resembles a series of shorts. In Sleep Warhol first utilized the

new medium of film to dramatize serial imagery: he carried the non-masterpiece concept initiated by Monet out of a problematic museum and gallery milieu and into the mass-produced and mass-attended theater environment. Viewing the entirety of the six-hour film was irrelevant: one could go out to dinner, take in a Western, and come back to the same somnolent male nude. Koch recounts Warhol's own viewing of Sleep: "At the second screening of Sleep at the Cinemateque, Warhol himself was present. Mekas greeted him with a rope, led him to a seat in the second row from the back, and tied him down. Somewhere halfway through the film, Mekas decided to check that seat and see if the master had lingered with his disciples. 'I found the rope,' he recalls."[121]

Each segment of Sleep is interchangeable: in a single slow-motion image of the sleeper one views the six-hour duration. In Kiss (shot after but screened before Sleep), Warhol investigates an act that gives his superstars more face, that super-emphasizes the erotic and serial aspects of slow-motion facing. Although the fascination with the sleeping body, the fixed gaze of the camera as it passes from abdomen to cheekbone, is unambiguously erotic in Sleep, it passes beyond the sleeping star to his state. It is the image of death, the nightly disaster of consciousness that excites response in Sleep, not the sleeper, not John Giorno, superstar. Thus the imagery in Sleep has more in common with the mutilated, reposed bodies of the Car Crashes than Warhol's subsequent films. The body is the natural vehicle for the image of death and the face the natural mirror of a new humanity that has passed that death into

post-historical contemporary history.

Originally screened in September, 1963 as Andy Warhol Serial, Kiss is a parade of faces kissing in close-up, then fading out. Why should Warhol choose to glamorize, eroticize an act that is already glamorous, already erotic? Does not a documentary of kissing (kissing Frenchmen, kissing politicians, kissing students, kissing chimpanzees) have inherent entertainment value? Does not a kiss mean the same for all ages and all cultures? Or does that revolution or reversal of consciousness we have termed the Death of God have its sexual consequences? Must not the deterioration of Faustian Western selfhood become manifest in a corresponding deterioration of sexual hierarchies, of sexual otherness? Must not sex become work for the new humanity that sees itself as machine?[122] The faces presented in Kiss are kissing machines, and it is their mechanization, not the kiss, that Warhol finds erotic. Naomi Levine, Ed Sanders, Gerard Malanga (Warhol's companion), John Palmer (who gives a vigorous performance), Andrew Meyer (who shot Night of the Cobra Woman, 1974), Marisol, Rufus Collins, Baby Jane Holzer, et al, are superstars who kiss for their work. This radical identification of eroticism and functionalism lays two grounds: to affirm the mechanization of human sexuality in contemporary American culture, and the cinematic theme (initiated by Warhol and extended by Morrissey to suburban theatre complexes) of the homosexual hustler.

The more Warhol sophisticated the machinery of his self-mechanization in his art, the closer he approached a portrait of mechanized sex. This is the thing of post-Faustian culture that

Warhol likes best, the image that best reflects the truth of American consciousness. Warhol's long list of superstars were the first porno-stars, the first glamorized reflection of the anti-romantic eroticism arising from the Death of God---the first lovers as machines.

After Kiss, Warhol filmed Eat (a forty-five minute portrait of the artist Robert Indiana sitting in a highbacked chair nibbling on a mushroom), Haircut (a thirty-three minute portrait of Billy Linich, the 'houseman' at The Factory, getting a haircut) and Blow-job. In Blow-job, Warhol brings the kiss to its sexual object, brings the art-machine to the sex machine. Blow-job is his first explicitly pornographic portrait of the collapse of the American dream as sex. That coitus privatus that America has had with Western history becomes fellatio homosexualis in the reversal of that history in the American Sixties: that active, Faustian self-concept of Western man that so covets control, penetration and dominance negates itself in the image of an anonymous man receiving oral sex from another anonymity up against a public wall.

The act itself is left unseen, below the screen: for thirty-five minutes the camera concentrates on the facial expressions of the man who occasionally tightens the muscles of his face as he is lifted to a succession of pre-orgasmic plateaus. The passive superstar has no name, no identity save the receipt of sex. Stephen Koch: "The recipient looks like a once fresh-faced, foursquare Eagle Scout, a veteran of countless archery contests and cookouts, who discovers in the process of becoming the all-American boy some

weak psychic nerves that send him helplessly gliding in activities for which no merit badges are awarded..."[123] Warhol's portrait of the all-American boy is the face of the reversal of American consciousness. In that vacuity, in that slow-motion duration of being worked upon one observes the collapse of traditional sexual organization and its ambivalent mechanization. This Eagle Scout is Marilyn Monroe, Watson Powell (the American Male), Andy Warhol: in his face one reads the perhaps uncomprehending, but instinctive acceptance of the machine sexuality arising from the dissolution of private autonomies. It is a face without humor, without irony, without power: a face adapted to the contents of American experience.

Blow-job is the first in a long list of glamorizations of sexual reversal that structure Warhol's later films. Drag queens, frigid women, homosexual hustlers, junkies and pimps dominate Warhol's later portraits of America. Kiss, Blow-job and Couch (forty minutes of thirteen stars, including Allen Ginsberg and Jack Keroac, making love on the couch in The Factory) are a pornographic progression leading to the narrative---away from Warhol's unique serial imaging of a post-hierarchical, serial reality. Though these later films found success [Chelsea Girls (1966) and the Morrissey productions Flesh (1968), Trash (1970), Heat (1972), Andy Warhol's Frankenstein (1974), and Blood For Dracula (1974)], Warhol systematically removed himself from either their conceptual or technical production. In a manner consistent with his utilization of the silkscreen machine, Warhol progressed to a point in his art where his friends did it for, or to him. The lauded Empire (twenty-four hours of the Empire State

Building) was conceived by John Palmer (who starred in Kiss) and filmed with Warhol's newly-bought Auricon camera by Jonas Mekas. Having made himself famous with his silent black-and-white portraits, Warhol was more than willing to put his cinematic fascination with the new sexuality into the hands of his associates.

In late 1964, shortly after the purchase of the Auricon sound camera, Warhol enlisted the poet Ronald Tavel as 'scenarist' to script the plots of his post-art-as-art art films. Warhol's first talkie was Harlot, a seventy-minute study of the transvestite Mario Montez eating a banana while Tavel, Billy Linich and the poet Harry Fainlight converse off-camera about the famous female film-stars. The humor, the sexual innuendo of Harlot is in marked contrast to the diffidence of Eat: the artist as star is superseded by the sexual joke as star. After Harlot, Warhol produced a series of features at a prodigious rate---about two a month. He would tell Tavel he wanted a script, it would be shot in one or two days and in the theaters two weeks from the original order. The self-mechanization of the film-maker enabled the mass-production of his films throughout 1965 and 1966. The Bocaccio-esque tales of this period, which include The Life of Juanita Castro, Suicide, Horse, Vinyl, Prison, Inner and Outer Space, Hedy, More Milk Yvette, The Closet, and The Kitchen, prove to be singularly unimpressive documents, hovering somewhere between plain absurdity (as in Kitchen where the actors sneeze throughout the film and continually open the refrigerator door) and sado-masochism (as in Vinyl, the first film version of Anthony Burgess' futuristic novel A Clockwork Orange,

where Gerard Malanga is 'reconditioned' in the company of masochists who are being force fed, slapped, etc.). It was during this machine-gun production of films that Henry Geldzahler, who had been associated with The Factory from the beginning, walked out, writing on the blackboard: "Andy Warhol has stopped making paintings and doesn't know how to make films yet."[124]

Certainly the series of films in 1965 witness Warhol's inability to come to grips with the narrative form. What he desired was 'incident', the fortuituous record on film of a glamorous moment in the life of a superstar, a glamorization of the banal moment of everyman. What was innovative and remarkable about Warhol's early films is that there is no making, no film-maker involved. Warhol submits himself to the machine (in that case the Bolex) and lets it do the work: what results must necessarily be art. The more Warhol attempted to make films, the less satisfying the results became. Each film masterpiece demands a greater following masterpiece and the audience learns to anticipate the artist's personal narrative. Yet Warhol, committed now to film, desired maximum exposure, desired a hit that would make him a film-maker superstar as well as a painter superstar. By the time My Hustler was made, Warhol had resolved the dilemma of how to make hit entertainment films: he let Chuck Wein, and then Paul Morrissey make them for him.

My Hustler may well be the first candid treatment of homosexuality in American cinema---which does nothing to save it from being a tedious, silly sort of film. The hustler of the title is a huskier version of the all American boy of Blow-job, suitably

called Paul America. The story is film formula---the sexual triangle. The hustler's 'keeper' challenges a female neighbor to steal Paul America away, (which she fails to do) and the entire second reel is a prolonged portrait of the hustler and his keeper in the bathroom, combing their hair and preening into the mirror. Paul Morrissey makes his debut in The Factory film circle with this film, and his obvert fascination with the male body in the second reel of My Hustler becomes the central theme of the films Flesh, Trash, and Heat.

The pornographic element in Warhol's film-making leads directly into a bind: if the audience wanted more flesh, more explicit action, then Warhol had to give more flesh in order to get maximum territory and maximum power from his vision. In a real sense, the Warhol we have discussed hitherto disappears in this gradual descent into the porno-film, to reappear only when Warhol gives up film-making altogether and returns to silkscreens. Perhaps he simply underestimated the camera and the nature of its demands. Perhaps he became untypically influenced by Factory personalities at that time. In any case, his films lost the cool and potent perception of contemporary reality that informs his early silents. One can sense a kind of boredom with art-as-art here, a fatigue from repeating the same joke. The camera proved not to be Warhol's favorite machine after all. It was an affair and no more. His wife, the tape recorder, demanded more attention.

Predictably enough, it was not a succession of failures that sealed Warhol's departure from the film world, but a hit:

The Chelsea Girls. The Chelsea Girls put Warhol's name on marquees across the nation, it moved The Factory's target from chic underground screens to suburban shopping centers. In The Chelsea Girls Warhol triumphantly returns to his artistic strength: the serial composition. The film consists of twelve interchangeable reels, each a fixed portrait of various members of the Warhol entourage talking in various rooms of the Chelsea Hotel, the underground Ritz rich with art-transients and art-residents. Each superstar, or tableau of superstars is allotted one reel. There is no standard sequence of reels, and The Chelsea Girls has been projected in several distinct orders, usually on two adjacent screens simultaneously. As Koch puts it, "There are twelve reels, but there might be a hundred. The film's progress is potentially interminable."[125] In The Chelsea Girls, Warhol makes a spectacle of the portrait of the American he began with the silkscreens. His superstars coo, rage, mumble, argue exactly as the true residents of the Chelsea Hotel, or any other transient consciousness do. There is no scenario, there is no pornography, explicit or implicit: just ordinary people calling each other nasty names, telephoning, urinating. By slipping out of the net he had woven with sly sexual humor and putative modern tales of drag queens and homosexual hustlers, Warhol submitted himself to the camera as he had in the early silents when he had no technique. His superstars, forced to remain, to work before the camera until the magazine ran out, shine in their uneasiness and bursts of invective. The scene in which Ondine as Pope first shoots methadrine, and then

beats an anonymous woman eager to confess because she had called him a 'phony', is a good example of many instances in the film where self-consciousness in the actors is as absent as the camera's. In The Chelsea Girls we witness life without the distance of the narrative or the distancing of the director. The transient hotel is a most suitable paradigm for the machine America Warhol intends to reflect on the silver screen.

The commercial success of The Chelsea Girls produced a schism in The Factory itself. Once invited to the big party of fat royalties and high society, Warhol and his then business manager Paul Morrissey, were not about to return to art films. The fact that it was the art-quality of Chelsea Girls, so consistent with Warhol's other serial imagery, that made it successful was ignored. By 1966 Warhol was totally committed to business art, which meant pornography. The Chelsea Girls, with its lesser known companion, ****(Four Stars), terminates Warhol's cinematic art-as-art concerns. The strength and purity of vision by which he had intuited the most profound ground of contemporary American consciousness moved to an even stranger and ubiquitous height---the radical identification of the art-making process with the money-making process.

Even by that criterion, however, the three films that followed The Chelsea Girls---The Loves of Ondine (1967), Nude Restaurant (1967) and Lonesome Cowboys (1967) are failures. With Lonesome Cowboys, the last film for which Warhol is personally responsible, we are presented with a glossy, but inevitably un-

workable transplant: the marriage of the entertainment Western with the homosexual porno-film, the formula with the fetish. None of the three were a success at the box office: audiences aroused by the authenticity and glamor of Chelsea Girls were disgusted or dismayed by the trinkets that followed.

Like a glittering parabola, Warhol steadily moved toward the commercial art where he first matured his eye and hand. Returned to the practice of fashion as reality his transformation of art as the reflection of the revolutionary event of the Death of God in the American Sixties concludes itself, as it maintained iself, in paradox. The revolutionary artist during the reversal of Western consciousness becomes the fashion executive in its aftermath. With his mechanical wife at his side, Warhol continues his homage to the New American Dream in his glamor magazine Interview. In the endless superficiality of mechanized personalities and glamorous merchandise Warhol celebrates the new humanity arising from the Death of God, tips his glass to a machine future where everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes and "We never interview. We just have lunch or dinner so we can hear the clanking of dishes and don't have to ask anything."[126]

AFTERWORD

Presently Andy Warhol lives and works firmly in the heart of the post-Death-of-God Seventies consciousness---a consciousness perhaps already oblivious or bored by the total revaluation it has undergone. The aluminum foil of The Factory on East Forty-seventh Street has been replaced by a swank office on Union Square West, the eccentric superstars by the corporation staff. Warhol's cultural embrace has enabled him to make the transition into the machinery of the Seventies complete: his demand at society parties and the prices of his paintings are in continuous escalation. That the artist of the Death of God is even more visible (though less notorious) in its cultural consequence is testimony both to the staying power of the artist and the truths he discerned in Sixties culture. As its prophet, it is only proper that Warhol sit at the captain's table of the Seventies.

From his executive chair Warhol can look out upon a society in which the traditional separation of disciplines and professions have been minimized or abolished, in which everybody, every machine, is an artist. As Nietzsche anticipated, the center is everywhere---the portrait of America as machine can be taken anywhere, on the street, in a studio, on the football field. Each face is a face of the art businessman. Each face is an instance of the culture that followed the Death of God.

The end of art that Duchamp anticipated and Warhol recorded

was the end of art as conceived by Faustian consciousness. A transformed art, one shorn of aristocratic mystery and privilege, continues toward the future. Only after the death of aesthetics founded in the canvas, has serious attention been given to the machines of art production and reproduction to discover their own intrinsic parameters, their own aesthetics. Now that art is no longer distinguishable from craft or engineering, it is the machine that has been liberated: the art of the future portends to be a machine art, dependent more on the characteristics and functions of the machine than its programmer. All contemporary political, economic and social engineering is art business, dependent upon the telescoping sophistication of the ongoing Technological Revolution. The philosopher or theologian must be/become an engineer to make his interpretations of consciousness intelligible to his mechanized audience.

But what of consciousness? Throughout this study we have assumed both personal and cultural consciousness. When we view the Death of God as a revolution in human consciousness, perhaps we are only being optimistic. There is much in the modern world which has already forgotten its discontents, which point directly to the irremediable hand of Thanatos upon human history. Can the Seventies be Nirvana? Has not Western history revalued itself? Are we witnesses to the absolute end of consciousness in the Death of God? Is this the apocalyptic redemption of a fallen humanity Altizer contends or the final overcoming of survival mechanisms by Will To Power? Is our radical faith beyond consciousness? Can we

transform 'it is' into 'thus I will it' by denying ourselves consciousness of the word, the joke, the existence of ourselves?

Certainly the West is not as it was, nor as the East ever has been. To affirm the consequences of this shift, to take full pleasure in the new identity of all external and internal realities, remains the contemporary test of courage. Our proximity to the event both blinds and illumines, yet the path to the meaning of the Death of God clearly begins in the contents of present experience: from that Now both Being and its understanding are eternally generated.

NOTES

Foreword, Chapter I

[1]Intended in the text as 'the negation of given forms'.

[2]Quoted in: G. R. Swenson, What is Pop Art, Artnews, (New York) Vol. 62, no. 7, Nov., 1963, pp. 24-27.

[3]Quoted in: G. R. Swenson, op. cit.

[4]Quoted in: Rainer Crone, Andy Warhol (New York: Praeger, 1970), p. 29.

[5]Max Kozloff, "Pop Culture, Metaphysical Disgust and the New Barbarians," Art International (Lugana), Vol. 6, no. 2, Mar., 1967, pp. 34-36.

[6]Dore Ashton, "Art as Spectacle", Arts, Vol. 41, no. 5, Mar., 1967, pp. 44-46.

[7]Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 9.

[8]Quoted in: Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 11.

[9]For the Pop perspective on Warhol cf.

Robert Rosenblum, "Saint Andrew," Newsweek (New York), Dec. 7, 1964.

Philip Lieder, "Saint Andy: some notes on an artist who for a large section of a younger generation, can do no wrong," Artforum (Los Angeles) Vol. 3, no. 5, Feb., 1965, pp. 26-28.

William Wilson, "Prince of Boredom---the repetitions and passivities of Andy Warhol", Art and Critics (London) Vol. 2, no. 12, Mar., 1968, pp. 12-15.

[10]Nicholas Calas, Icons and Images of the Sixties, (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1971), p. 199.

[11]John Coplans, Serial Imagery (The New York Graphic Society, undated), p. 7.

[12]John Coplans, Andy Warhol (New York Graphic Society, undated).

[13]Rainer Crone, Andy Warhol, p. 9.

[14]Ibid., p. 29.

[15]Ibid., p. 55.

[16]Ibid., p. 55.

[17]Intended in the text as the prediction of future forms.

[18]cf. John Coplans, Andy Warhol, p. 47.

[19]cf. Charles Harrison, "Abstract Expressionism", in Tony Richardson and Nikos Stangos, Concepts of Modern Art (New York: Harper and Row, 1974).

[20]The Neo-Freudian N. O. Brown may be an exception here (Life Against Death, Love's Body). See the discussion regarding Brown's influence on the Pop artist Claes Oldenburg, p. 79ff., in the text.

[21]Stephen Koch, Stargazer (New York: Praeger, 1973), p. 137.

[22]Ibid., p. 137.

[23]Ibid., p. 20.

[24]Quoted in: John Coplans, Andy Warhol, p. 8.

[25]Ibid., p. 9.

[26]Ibid., p. 8.

[27]Ibid., p. 13.

[28]Ibid., p. 14.

Chapter II

[29]Friedrich Nietzsche, The Gay Science, trans. Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale (New York: Vintage, 1968) p. 182.

[30]Ibid., p. 279.

[31]cf. Friedrich Nietzsche, The Will To Power, trans. Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale (New York: Vintage, 1968), p. 457ff.

[32]Alexander Solzhenitsyn, "World War III has Ended," San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronical, "This World," 13 July, 1975, p. 15, col. 1-3.

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[33]Reich died in an American prison after years of persecution for his orgone accumulator.

[34]cf. Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, The New Group Therapies (New York: Avon, 1970) esp. the section, "American Character and Group Therapy," p. 54ff.

[35]I'm OK, You're OK, (New York: Avon, 1970) by Thomas Harris, a primer for transactional analysis, was on the New York Times best seller list for over a year.

[36]Snyder's Zen training, begun in the Fifties under a Zen master in Kyoto, is evident in Rivers and Mountains Without End, and Earth House Hold. In 1975 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

[37]Barbara Rose, American Art Since 1900 (New York: Praeger, 1975), p. 185.

[38]Hui Neng's spirit of directness was first seen in the poem he wrote as a kitchen helper to overcome the apparent successor to the Fifth Patriarch Hung-jen:

Apparent successor:
This body is the Bodhi tree
The soul is like a mirror bright:
Take heed to keep it always clean,
and let no dust collect on it.

Hui Neng:
This body is not like the tree
The mirror bright is nowhere shining:
As there is nothing from the first,
Where can the dust itself collect?

(trans. D. T. Suzuki)

[39]Shouting and whacking became associated with the Rinzai school of Japanese Zen as genuine means of enlightenment.

[40]Ch'an and Zen trace themselves to the Mahapitka Brahmaraja sutra in which Buddha is asked to expound the essence of his teaching. Buddha twirled a flower, and Mahakashyapa, in a cave nearby, nodded his head in understanding and became the First Patriarch of Ch'an.

[41]Friedrich Nietzsche, The Gay Science, p. 167.

[42]From section 32, The Delusion of Appearances, in the Diamond Sutra:

This shall ye think of all this fleeting world:
A star at dawn, a bubble in a stream,
A flash of lightning in a summer cloud,
A flickering lamp, a phantom, a dream.

(trans. Dr. K. Saunders)

[43]For a fuller discussion of the emergence of Death of God theology see the introduction to The Death of God Debate (Philadelphia: Westminster, 1967) by Jackson Lee Ice and John J. Carey.

[44]John B. Cobb, Jr., The Theology of Altizer: Critique and Response, (Philadelphia: Westminster, 1967) p. 14.

[45]This passage follows Cobb's analysis.

[46]Thomas J. J. Altizer, The Descent Into Hell (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1970), p. 188.

[47]cf. T. J. J. Altizer, The Gospel of Christian Atheism (philadelphia: Westminster, 1966), "The Uniqueness of Christianity", p. 34ff.

[48]Ibid., pp. 9-10.

[49]T. J. J. Altizer, The Descent Into Hell, pp. 192, 203.

[50]Ibid., p. 204.

[51]cf. John B. Cobb, Jr., op. cit., pp. 39-42.

[52]T. J. J. Altizer, The Descent Into Hell, p. 141.

[53]Ibid., p. 142.

Chapter III

[54]In Stargazer, p. 41, Stephen Koch quotes Ronald Tavel describing Warhol viewing his twenty-four hour film Couch: "He would sit and watch it with such contentment that I felt I was in the presence of a Buddhist who had achieved that desired transcendent state."

[55]cf. T. J. J. Altizer, The Descent Into Hell, p. 200ff.

[56]Andy Warhol, The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B & Back Again) (New York: Harcourt Brace Janovich, 1975), p. 92.

[57]The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even, typographic version of Duchamp's Green Box by Richard Hamilton, trans. by George Heard Hamilton (New York: Willenborn, n.d., n. pag.).

[58]Walter Hopps organized the first Duchamp retrospective at the Pasadena Art Museum, 1963.

[59]Jack Burnham, Great Western Salt Works, (New York; George Braziller, 1974), p. 89.

[60]Ibid., p. 69.

[61]Jack Burnham, The Structure of Art (New York: George Braziller, 1973) revised edition, pp. 175, 181.

[62]John Golding, Marcel Duchamp: The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even, (London: Allen Lane, 1973), p. 85.

[63]Duchamp attended, with Picabia and Apollonaire, a performance of Roussel's 'Impressions d Afrique' in 1911.

[64]Marcel Duchamp, interview in The Museum of Modern Art Bulletin, New York, Vol. 12, nos. 4-5, 1946.

[65]Duchamp later fashioned a miniature self-retrospective (including the Large Glass) in Box in a Valise (1938, 1941-42).

[66]In Hamilton and Hamilton, op. cit., n. pag.

[67]John Golding, op. cit., p. 24.

[68]Hans Richter, In Memory of Marcel Duchamp, Form (Cambridge, England) no. 9, April, 1969, p. 4.

[69]Quoted in: "John Cage on Marcel Duchamp: An Interview", by Moira Roth and William Roth, Art In America, Nov.-Dec., 1973, p. 76.

[70]Pierre Cabanne, Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp, trans. by Ron Padgett (New York: The Viking Press, 1971), p. 48.

[71]Blind Man, No. 2, New York, May, 1917.

[72]Hans Richter, op. cit., p. 5.

[73]Quoted in: Stephen Koch, Stargazer, p. 30.

[74]Andy Warhol, op. cit., p. 36.

[75]Gregory Battcock, "The Warhol Generation" reprinted in Battcock, The New Art (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1973), revised edition, p. 21.

[76]Nietzsche's subtitle to The Twilight of The Idols was "How One Philosophizes With A Hammer".

[77]A notable exception is Paul M. van Buren's The Secular Meaning of the Gospel (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1965) which applies Willgenstein's theories of language-use to theological statements.

[78]T. J. J. Altizer, The Descent Into Hell, pp. 166-167.

[79]Ibid., pp. 205-206.

[80]Ibid., p. 201ff.

[81]Andy Warhol op. cit., p. 26.

Chapter IV

[82]Diane Waldron, Roy Lichtenstein (New York: The Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, 1969), p. 12.

[83]Quoted in: G. R. Swenson, op. cit.

[84]Max Kozloff, "Johns and Duchamp", Art International, VIII, No. 2, March 20, 1964, p. 43.

[85]Jasper Johns, "Marcel Duchamp, 1887-1968)", Artform, VII, No. 3, November, 1968, p. 6.

[86]Jasper Johns, "Sketchbook Notes", Art and Literature 4, Spring, 1965.

[87]Max Kozloff, Jasper Johns (New York: Harry N. Abrams, n.d.), p. 23.

[88]Ibid., p. 15.

[89]Quoted in: G. R. Swenson, op. cit.

[90]Quoted in: Barbara Rose, Claes Oldenburg (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1970), p. 139.

[91]Quoted in: John Coplans, Roy Lichtenstein (San Diego, Pasadena Art Museum, 1967), p. 15.

[92]Ibid., p. 16.

[93]Quoted in: G. R. Swenson, op. cit.

[94]Lawrence Alloway, American Pop Art (New York: Macmillan, 1974), p. 84.

[95]Ibid., p. 84.

[96]John Coplans, Roy Lichtenstein, p. 10.

[97]Quoted in: Barbara Haskell, Claes Oldenburg: Object Into Monument, (Pasadena Art Museum, 1971), p. 8.

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[98]Quoted in: Barbara Rose, op. cit., p. 64.

[99]Quoted in: Barbara Haskell, op. cit., p. 9.

[100]Quoted in: Barbara Rose, op. cit., p. 175.

[101]Barbara Rose, op. cit., p. 19.

[102]Quoted in: Barbara Rose, op. cit., p. 19.

[103]Barbara Rose, op. cit., p. 61.

[104]Quoted in: Barbara Rose, op. cit., p. 111.

Chapter V

[106]cf. K. G. Pontus Hulten, The Machine As Seen At The End of The Mechanical Age, (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1968), p. 6f.

[106]Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 22.

[107]Quoted in: Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 12.

[108]Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 24.

[109]Quoted in G. R. Swenson, op. cit.

[110]Beginning in 1973 with the Mao series, Warhol added freehand brushstrokes over the silkscreened image.

[111]Attributed to Notker Balbulus of St. Gall (A.D. 830-912).

[112]Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra in The Portable Nietzsche, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Viking, 1954), p. 436.

[113]Warhol issued unnumbered editions of his silkscreens. Percentage estimates can only be approximate.

[114]Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 29.

[115]John Coplans, Andy Warhol, pp. 51-52.

[116]Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 55.

Chapter VI

[117]Quoted in: Rainer Crone, op. cit., p. 31.

[118]Paul Morrissey first came into The Factory as Warhol's business manager in 1965 and after the shooting in 1968 took complete control of the film production of Andy Warhol Inc.

[119]Quoted in: Jonas Mekas, "Notes After Reseeing the Movies of Andy Warhol", in John Coplans, Andy Warhol, p. 146.

[120]Ibid., p. 156.

[121]Quoted in: Stephen Koch, Stargazer, pp. 35-36.

[122]The slogan "Sex is Work" appeared on the masthead of Warhol's Interview for several years.

[123]Stephen Koch, op. cit., p. 48.

[124]Quoted in: Stephen Koch, op. cit., p. 66.

[125]Stephen Koch, op. cit., p. 90.

[126]Andy Warhol's Interview, Vol. 5, No. 10, October, 1975, p. 12.

APPENDIX

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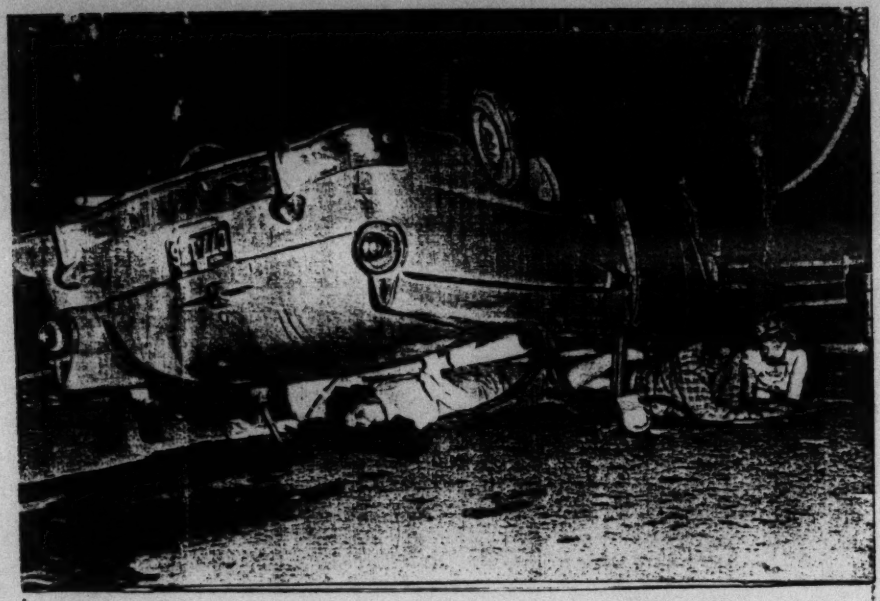
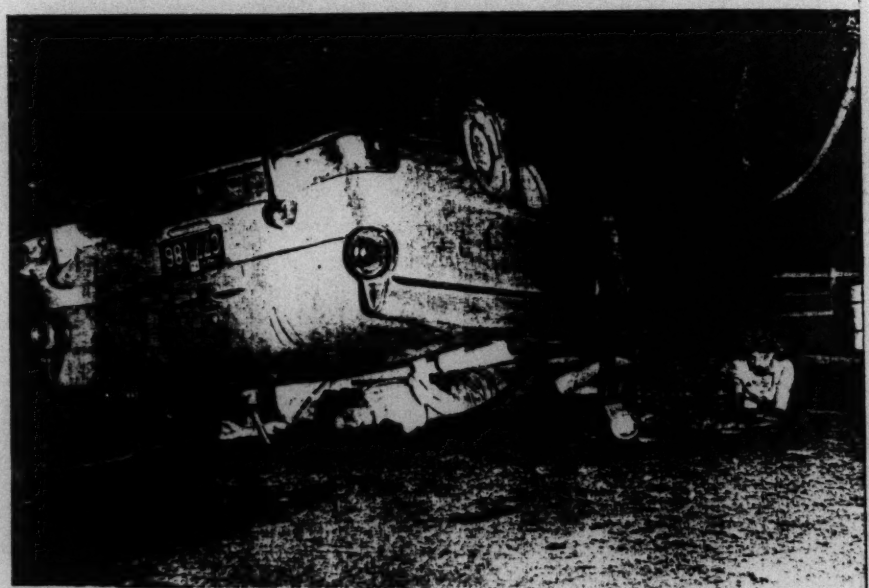
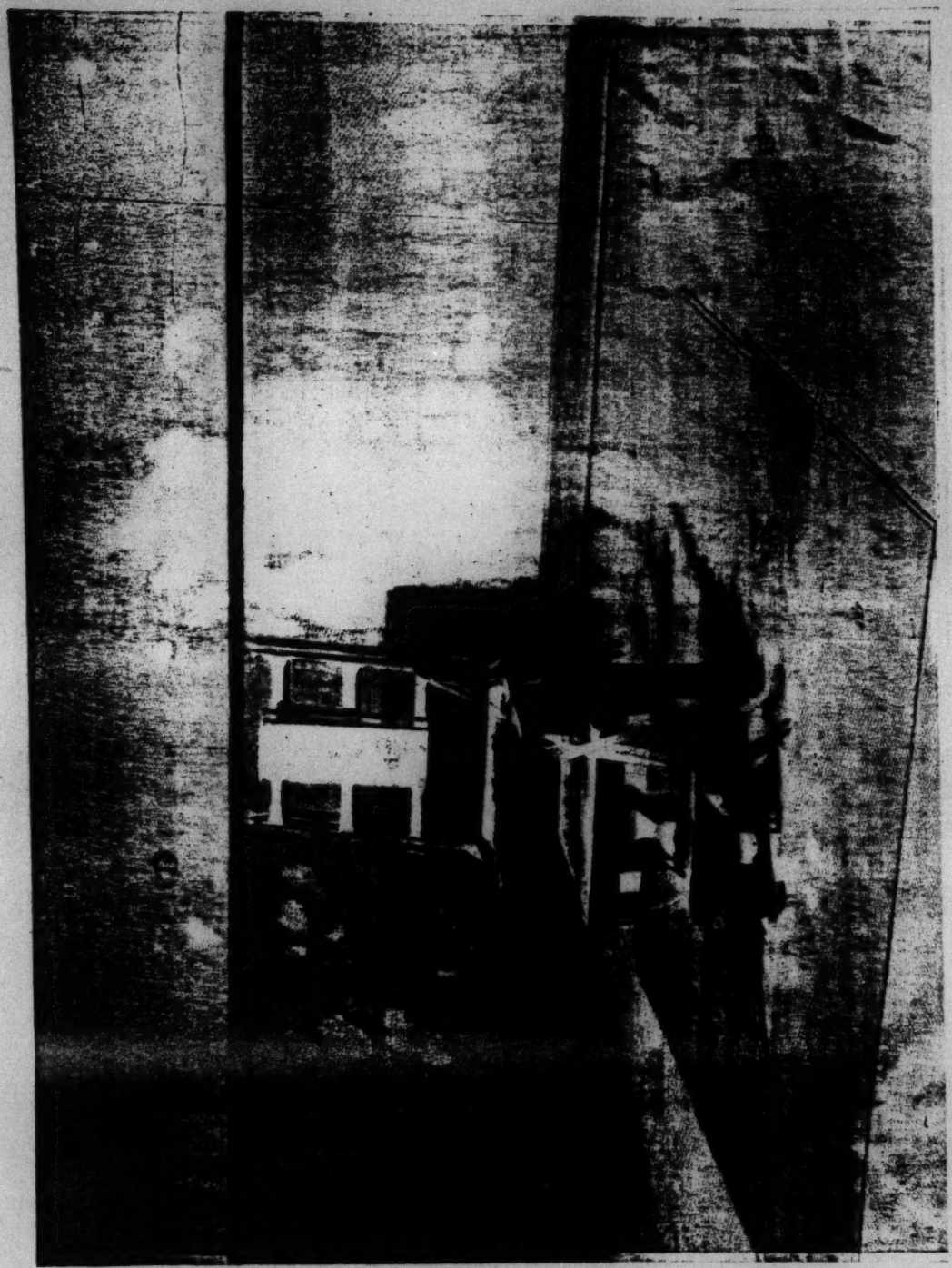
Photos: courtesy Leo Castelli.







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